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THE POOL.

BY S. U. W.

A rose leaned over a woodland pool,
With its own imaged beauty thrilling;
So self-entranced it had no eye
For daffodilly or lily cool;
Or bending grasses or dragon fly
On wings of opal flitting by,
Or clouds the heaven filling.

There strayed a maiden the woodland thro',
Her image in that mirror flinging;
The rose's blissful dreams swift fled;
Its beauty far outshone it knew;
Shivered in all its petals red
And on the pool their richness shed.
The maiden passed on singing.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DID UNA tell you what dress she had decided to order for the twentieth, Easter?" asks Mrs. Jaxon, just as the soup is being handed round at dinner that night. It is a small party which is assembled at the table, Major Montgomery being the solitary guest; and at present conversation seems likely to flag.

Easter blushes guiltily.

"We never mentioned the ball," she replies; "there—there were so many other things to talk about."

Mrs. Jaxon tosses her head.

"You never do seem able to bring home some news," she grumbles; "I can't imagine why you go out at all. Then of course you don't know whether she has solved the difficulty as to having so few men there?"

"By-the-way, my dear, we shall be able to promise her another," Mr. Jaxon interpolates. "I heard to-night from Rainton—you may know him, Montgomery—Sir Auriol Rainton, who has lately come into the Oldcourt property. He has at last decided to accept an old-standing invitation, and will be with us, I suppose, by the twentieth."

"He's a lion just now," laughs the Major. "What with Miss Richardson's murder, and his windfall—— But there, I beg your pardon, Miss Jaxon"—as the girl shivers visibly—"one ought not to mention those horrors before such soft-hearted people as yourself."

Easter smiles, and makes an effort to recover herself.

"I'm cold, I think," she says, by way of explanation. "This changeable weather is trying. Even you look as though the wind had banished all your color"—addressing Mrs. Jaxon, who is just putting down her empty champagne-glass.

"Are you not well, my love? Easter is right. You have been doing too much," says Mr. Jaxon, in ready alarm. "I shall send for Dr. Glynn at once."

Lilith Jaxon laughs.

"And be scoffed at your pains! I'm as right as possible. But, tell me, are we really to have the privilege of entertaining the Oldcourt hero? And when may we expect him? You never mentioned the matter before, did you? Yes, champagne"—sotto voce to the butler, who, at a sign which he understands, pours the sparkling liquid into a tumbler, instead of merely refilling the shallow wine-glass.

"Oh, I was certain that you would be happy to receive the son of my oldest friend, love! He seems most anxious to make your acquaintance and to meet Easter again. As to the time of his arrival, he names Tuesday, if convenient; so I suppose we shall see him this day week."

"To meet me again?" repeats Easter. "Why, when has he met me before?"

"When you were about three years, he stayed here with his people," replies Mr. Jaxon, smiling. "Why I have never been able to entice him to pay us another visit is hard to tell. Afraid of the dulness perhaps!"

For a moment Easter meditates. Then she shakes her head.

"I don't recollect him in the least," she says.

"Hardly likely you would, my dear! However, you have the chance now of preparing your brightest smiles to welcome him."

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"Mrs. Jaxon, your husband intends that young Rainton to be his son-in-law."

Lilith, lounging half asleep in a large arm-chair, behind which deep red curtains hang in heavy folds to the ground, shutting off the larger drawing-room from the smaller and more favored apartment, starts. She is enjoying the warmth of the fire, and listening absently while Easter's fingers wander idly over the keys of the piano, when Major Montgomery's solemn tones fall upon her ear. The idea is by no means a surprise. Already during the half-hour since she quitted the dining-room it has been exercising her mind. But what would be the good of admitting so much to her tormentor?

"Nonsense!" she says shortly.

"It is true. And, unless you do something to prevent it at once, my chance will be gone. Lilith, do you want to see your note of hand in your husband's possession?"

Lilith glances round, as though afraid.

"How dare you call me by my Christian name? And how dare you threaten me thus? A gentleman—"

"Don't trouble to bring out the rest! I know all about it, and your sneers will not move me now. I am determined to win your step-daughter. Mrs. Jaxon, I can do so by your assistance. As you will not render that gracefully, why——" —and a gesture completes the sentence. "You ran away from me once rather than promise to help me. Ever since my arrival here you have tried to avoid me, although, after I had forced you to invite me down here, you might have guessed that that sort of thing could not go on for long. It is at an end now! I want my answer."

Lilith Jaxon is pale, even to the lips. Little indeed would she care if she saw any possibility of yielding to the Major's demands. For Easter's happiness she has not a thought; but she realizes thoroughly that this is a matter which is not in her hands. That Mr. Jaxon will permit the Major's suit she cannot for an instant believe; she fears even that he might become suspicious, should she urge him to consider the proposal. Yet redeem her note, pay her debts, she cannot at present. And should their existence reach her husband's ears, ruin might ensue to an extent of which the Major scarcely dreams, and as to which she certainly will not enlighten him.

"Well?" says the Major, who has been cautiously watching his debtor's face.

Lilith sits upright, with a sudden effort. Evidently she has come to a determination.

"I will do my best," she declares. "Still, I have but little hope, unless one thing should happen. Can you persuade Easter into accepting you? I could manage her father then."

The Major's small eyes gleam. He pulls up his collar and surveys himself complacently enough in a pier-glass at the other end of the room.

"Oh, of that I have no fear! I'll propose to her the first thing to-morrow morning," is his ready decision.

"Do! And in the meantime——"

But even as the words pass Mrs. Jaxon's lips her husband appears, and the sentence is not finished.

"My dear, here is an unlooked-for pleasure! Sir Auriol Rainton has arrived. His letter must have been delayed, for this is the day which he named. So vexatious that there should have been no carriage to meet you!" says Mr. Jaxon, turning to the handsome man who has entered with him.

Lilith advances to meet the newly-arrived visitor, every movement full of grace, a flush which renders her loveliness more striking than usual upon her face.

"I hope I shall not seem an intruder," the Baronet begins, with his charming smile.

"Indeed we are delighted to see you! Our party at present is so small that an addition will be most welcome. Your room shall be ready in ten minutes."

Sir Auriol's eyes rest upon Mrs. Jaxon as though he were fascinated. He has been expecting to meet some middle-aged person as his hostess; instead he is greeted by this vision of beauty. He can scarcely conceal his surprise, or avert his eyes from the upturned exquisite face; and Lilith feels herself coloring more hotly than ever under his gaze of undisguised admiration.

Mr. Jaxon's pleasant tones break the spell that seems to have fallen upon them.

"Easter, my child, can you remember your old playmate now? Rainton, your memory will scarcely carry you back to the days when you made yourself into a pony to satisfy this young lady's requirements?"

And at the words Sir Auriol turns to meet his fate, while, as she watches the expression of her guest's face, a passion of jealousy awakens in Lilith Jaxon's heart.

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"I was afraid of something of the sort. But, my dear Major, why take it to heart? I have another plan to propose, and one which is far more likely to succeed."

So says Lilith, when, the next day, the rejected and downcast suitor makes her his confidante.

In spite of her blandishments however the Major's face does not relax.

"To think that I should have been jilted by that slip of a girl," he says—"that I should have given her the opportunity to boast of me amongst her conquests."

His conceit is sublime. Lilith bites her lip to prevent a smile.

"You need have no fear on that score," she replies; "I will warn her to mention the matter to no one. And now, listen to my scheme! It is money you want, not any wife in particular. There are other girls with quite as large fortunes as Easter has. Stay here still—don't think of leaving—and turn you attention to Charlie."

There is a pause, during which the Major is evidently considering the suggestion.

"But she is so young," he objects at last, "and so very giddy!"

Lilith laughs as she rises from her seat, and, crossing the room, begins to arrange a bowl of deep crimson roses that have just arrived from Covent Garden.

"And will therefore be all the more flattered and likely to say 'Yes,'" she returns. To herself she adds, "While I shall at least have a few more weeks in which to look about me and——" But even in her own mind she scarcely dare complete the sentence.

Thus it is that, when his host, all ignorant of what has occurred, at Lilith's suggestion urges an extended visit, Major Montgomery finds that he is not yet obliged to return to town.

CHAPTER VII.

Although Easter has summarily disposed of one lover, a second and far more formidable suitor yet remains—one too who, from the moment when he looked deep into her soft brown eyes, finding there an attraction which he was powerless to resist, even had he wished to do so, has sought in sober earnest to gain her love.

That he will have the father's sanction to the match, if he can once succeed in winning the daughter's heart, Sir Auriol Rainton has no doubt. He understands, quite as well as either Mrs. Jaxon or her hated persecutor and ally Major Montgomery, the motives which prompt Mr. Jaxon to throw him and Easter together at every opportunity. The gentleness of the girl's manner towards him, the Baronet thinks, augurs well. Little does he suppose that very gentleness to be due to the fact that she has heard his name mentioned by his successful rival, or that Easter finds comfort during Norman's long silence and absence in sometimes touching a hand which has clasped his!

As to Lilith, her unusual pettishness and irritability make her somewhat of a puzzle and surprise to every one. She is angry, intensely, bitterly angry, that the admiration which Sir Auriol so clearly felt for her in the first moment of their introduction should have been so speedily transferred to another. She hates to notice the "sweet observances" with which the young man encompasses the girl he loves, while, at the same time, she grows indignant over Easter's unresponsiveness and blindness. She could sometimes find it in her heart to wish some terrible accident might ruin Sir Auriol's handsome features and fine figure, yet she is conscious that one touch of his hand, one glance of his eye, is sufficient to send a thrill through her and to render her happy for hours.

"I shall be truly thankful when the twentieth comes and there is some sort of break in his monotony," declares Charlie, the pet and the tom-boy—in spite of her sixteen years—of the family, one morning at breakfast, about a fortnight after the Baronet's arrival. "Things are so excruciatingly slow. Besides, this ball will be extra nice for me"—with a satisfied air.

Days of heavy rain and uncomfortable mist having followed one another, there has been no possibility of outdoor amusement, while a lull reigns throughout the county in the matter of dances and other indoor festivities.

"Why so?" demands Major Montgomery, all attention to her lightest words. "At your age each festivity must surely be equally delightful."

"As though one could come out twice in a lifetime!" Miss Charlie returns, with a disdainful movement. "I only wish the day would come!"

When the happy hour does arrive, it is with cheeks flushed and eyes beaming that Charlie Jaxon makes her appearance.

"How well you look, dear!" whispers her sister Una, surveying with approval the short-waisted frock of thick creamy satin and the daintily-shod feet that look as though they could move for ever without tiring.

"Do you think so? It was Easter's taste. Isn't she pretty in that pale blue gown and forget-me-nots? But what do you think of Lilith? I declare I'm ashamed to be seen with her!"

Una's only reply is a shrug of the shoulders, as she inspects the pink brocaded dress which leaves so very little of the white neck and arms to the imagination.

As usual however Mrs. Jaxon is the centre of a circle of admirers, each one seeming more clamorous for a dance than the rest.

"I can't satisfy everybody," she declares, as she hands her card to a particularly foolish-looking little dandy, with a yellow curly head, and a moustache that is a faint streak of fluff. "No—no, Lord Doynton; one quadrille is all that I must spare you."

The young man examines the programme carefully through his quite unneeded eye-glass.

"And pway, Mrs. Jaxon—er—who is the happy fellah that these cwosses wepwesent?"

Lilith laughs, not in the least resenting the impertinence.

"That is my business—and his," she replies. "Now, if you have finished, Mr. Sawnford shall write his name."

"You will keep one for me, Mrs. Jaxon?"

Lilith starts and flushes visibly, as Sir Auriol makes his request; and then, heedless of onlookers, she raises her large tell-tale eyes to his.

"Do you really care about it?" she murmurs.

Sir Auriol looks surprised. This is not the first time Mrs. Jaxon has tried to give him a hint as to her feelings; but he has never so fully read her thoughts as he does now; and the truth comes upon him with a shock. That she, the wife of his father's friend, should so far forget all that is due to her husband and to herself!

"I should be sorry not to have at least one turn with my most hospitable hostess," he says; and his tone is so cold that Lilith shivers. "Which may I take?"

Without another word she points to Number Four. Against it is one of those enigmatical crosses which have so exercised Lord Doynton's feeble mind. Sir Auriol, who cannot avoid seeing that there are three other similar marks, comprehends the whole matter at a glance, and instantly forms a resolution.

"With me luck!" he says, with his lips close to her ear. "To-night I shall gain or lose more than life itself. What will Easter say to me?"

Lilith cannot speak; for a moment the gaily-dressed throng, the brilliant lights, and the handsome eyes that are gazing into her own seem to be enveloped in a dense gray mist. Then she recovers herself.

"By all means accept my good wishes," she returns, although her lips are quivering, and her cheeks would be colorless but for the artistically applied rouge. "Pray tell me her answer afterwards."

And then she glides off, Lord Zillwood's arm about her waist. They have however but half completed the circuit of the room when Lilith stops.

"Caryl, I am not feeling well. Do you think that I might hide for an hour in Una's boudoir? Nobody will miss me; and if they do it won't matter."

Lord Zillwood glances down at her face. To his unpractised eye his partner's rosy tints look as healthy as usual.

"I'm sorry you are tired; the drive was too cold, I suppose. Shall I send Una to you?"

Lilith laughs so lightly as entirely to reassure him.

"Oh, please don't—I am so perfectly at home here! See, I will run off by this door, and not a soul will be the wiser."

The next moment she has disappeared.

In the semi-darkness and loneliness of the side staircase her forced composure gives way; she groans aloud.

"I knew it all the time," she wails, as she reaches her refuge, and sinks down upon the rug, hiding her hot cheeks on the soft cushion of a chair. "And yet——" Then, clenching her hands—"Oh, that I could be revenged upon them both!"

She cannot sit still. With nervous energy she rises to her feet and begins to pace about the room.

"She will refuse him, I believe! She is like an icicle, that girl. She must be, to resist him! Why doesn't that lamp burn?"—angrily. "How I hate oil! People should use gas nowadays."

As she turns up the wick of the lamp that stands upon the table—the dimness and silence which she has sought are already terrible to her—she glances round for something to distract her thoughts.

"That's a man's handwriting, and a noticeable one too," she mutters, taking up an unopened envelope from the table. "And addressed to Easter! I wonder what correspondent forwards his letters to Una's care?"

The diversion is complete. Mrs. Jaxon carries the letter back with her to her seat, twisting it between her fingers, and thinking deeply.

"Who can her correspondent be? I wish I could manage to look inside! Shall I——" And even as the words pass her lips her resolution is formed.

For a few seconds she sits with her head lying back upon the cushions, her busy mind scheming, planning, revolving. Then she rings the bell.

"Will you bring me up a cup of really hot tea, as near boiling as possible, without milk or sugar?" she says to the servant who appears in answer. "I think, if it would not be so much trouble on such a busy night, I should positively like to have the things brought in and make it myself"—with a smile. "I am not well, and want it very hot."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Jaxon, her hands steady, her lips set, is holding the envelope in front of the steaming kettle. In a minute or two the gum has softly given way, and the closely-written letter is before her eyes.

Down-stairs in the long picture-gallery, which to-night serves as ball-room, a very different scene is being enacted.

"Easter, if you run up-stairs to my boudoir, when there is a move towards the supper-room, nobody will notice you. And there is something upon my table there which you may like to see."

All this Lady Zillwood manages to communicate in snatches, as she and her sister pass and repass each other in "The Lancers."

"What exquisite eyes—may I say it?—Miss Jaxon has!" remarks Sir Auriol Rainton, when for a moment he is detained by the exigencies of the dance at Una's side, and is watching his own proper partner as she gazes with an expression of entreaty in the direction of the hostess.

"She wants me to tell her something," says Una, smiling. "Doesn't she look imploring? Shall I be kind to her, Sir Auriol?"

"Who could help it?" he returns, as they move across the floor in a fresh figure. "Not I, for one!"

"Oh, you!"—with a ripple of laughter. "But you have no notion of the capabilities of women in the matter of tormenting each other!"

"What is it?" asks Easter eagerly, as the sisters meet for a moment. "Ah, Una, don't keep me in suspense!"

"A letter!" is the quick reply. Then they are off in different directions.

"Why, Easter, whither away so fast?" inquires Lilith, as the two women encounter each other at the door of the boudoir. "I was just coming down. My head was so bad that I persuaded Caryl to let me escape for a while."

The words are uttered hurriedly. Apparently Mrs. Jaxon is anxious to account for her unexpected appearance at that particular spot.

"Yes?"—vaguely, while the shining eyes travel round the room. "I hope you are better now? Ah!"

That the exclamation is one of pure joy is beyond doubt; and, as she utters it, Easter eagerly seizes the envelope which bears her name, and which has been replaced in its original position.

"From some friend?" says Lilith, with an old smile. "Why not have had it sent to Rockleigh, dear?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she glides from the room, and Easter is alone.

This, without address or date, is the letter she has found waiting her—

"Dear Miss Jaxon—I am not going to attempt any excuses. I blame myself too heartily even to try to gloss over facts; and yet it is best that you should know the truth at once.

"When I left England my thoughts were full of you and of your loveliness. I believed that I loved you, just as I believed that you loved me. In the first idea I was mistaken; I sincerely hope that I may have been so also in the second.

"For, Easter, I am married. It was on the voyage out that I learned what true passion meant. She is beautiful—how beautiful I can never express to you; and she is my wife. I dare not ask you to forgive me. And yet I do not think that you would have wished me to marry you when my heart belonged to another.

"NORMAN FERGUSSON.

"P. S.—I have given up my quest. Mary Smith is nowhere to be found, and, in my deep happiness, I have not a thought to spare for her."

This explains why Sir Auriol Rainton's much-desired valse never comes off. When the band strikes up the partner for whom he seeks in vain is lying back, with colorless face and closed eyes, in her sister's favorite arm-chair, a sheet of letter-paper crushed within her grasp. The blow has been so heavy, and so utterly unexpected, that the girl feels as though she could never recover from its weight.

She is found lying back in the arm-chair, speechless and almost fainting; yet to every question she turns a deaf ear.

"The dancing tired me," she says. "No, thank you; I could not take any wine. Please let me go home at once."

"I haven't a single unoccupied corner!" exclaims Una, in distress. "I wish I could keep her; but to-night it is utterly impossible."

"I think I had better not stay," replies Easter, who will now always associate Scotton Castle with her final interview with Norman. "I shall be all right in my own room."

And so they let her have her own way. But Sir Auriol's plans are all upset; he utters no word of love to-night.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORMAN FERGUSSON'S STORY.

THE Solway reached New York after a fairly quick passage, and was, in accordance with my cabled instructions to the police there, boarded by a detective—Everitt, by name—at the first possible moment. Within twenty-four hours afterwards, this message reached me, once more deranging all my ideas.

"No Miss Dean, or any one answering at all to her description, to be found or heard of."

For the moment the news baffled me. Unless Miss Dean had actually taken to herself a pair of wings and flown back to old England, it seemed impossible that she should have left the vessel when once it had started upon its voyage. I was convinced that there must be some very serious purpose in Miss Dean's trickery.

Again I veered round to my old suspicions of the lame companion and became convinced that it was upon her, even more than upon Mary Smith, that the hand of justice must be laid. And yet where was I to find her? Had she returned by the pilot's boat? Failing wings and a tumble overboard, that seemed the only means by which she could have quitted the ship unseen by Thornaby. So I caught the next train for Liverpool, determined to try my luck in that direction.

The pilot, a gruff old salt, was easy enough to find, and, when discovered, proved to be decidedly garrulously disposed.

"I did bring back a gal, sartainly," he declared, in response to my inquiry; "and a fine lass she were too—as trim and neat as you'd care to meet on a summer's day, with eyes as bright as lamps, and a figure-head all pink and white—beautiful? She'd bin to see a friend off, I heard her tell the captain, with tears on her pretty cheeks, and the steam was up, and we was started afore she knowed. Might she go back with the pilot? And the long and the short of it was that come back with the pilot she did."

"She didn't mention the friend's name?"

"Not she! Where was the call for it? Perhaps it was her young man"—with a grin—"and she didn't care to let it out."

"And she wasn't lame, with one side of her face swollen?" I inquired, in spite of my rapidly dying hopes of identifying her as Miss Dean.

"Lame! Get along with yer! D'ye think a seaman don't know a lovely gal when he sees one? She'd the tautest foot and ankle and the neatest waist in the world, I tell yer?"

Evidently the woman had found a soft corner in Jim Daly's heart, for he was actually angry. Indeed it was some time before I could get any further information out of him; and even then every syllable merely went farther to prove that the delightful stranger and plain Miss Dean must have been as unlike in appearance as chalk to cheese—so unlike indeed that even I, who knew something about such matters, could not see how any amount of disguise could account for the dissimilarity.

"You don't know where she went after you put her ashore?" was my final question, with which I again, as it turned out, offended the old pilot's susceptible feelings.

"As though I should go a-poking my old nose into her consarns!" he replied.

Then, turning his back upon me and my business, he marched off, and, since I had got out of him all that he seemed able to tell, I did not trouble to follow him up.

Having done all that I could in England, my first step was to proceed to New York.

It was a wrench parting from my little Easter. It was true, as I reminded her that we had been separated before, but to put all those miles between us seemed a different matter. However it had to be done. My poor darling—how she cried! I can feel her hands round my throat now! But there, what is the use of that when so much still remains to be done before she can rest her head upon my shoulder again?

Of course she wanted to understand all the ins and outs of my business; and of course I explained as much as I could. I knew that I might trust her true heart. However Lady Zillwood came in while I was telling her, so I did not quite reach the end of my story. It would be easy though to forgive the Countess more than that interruption since, before I left Scotton Castle, she gave me permission to write to my little bird, should anything very special occur during my investigations. Something special did take place a fortnight since, and I was able to turn my face homewards; though as yet I am not very far on my journey, and seem likely to be detained in this out-of-the-world town for a month or more. Anyhow, I wrote; and probably she has received the letter by this time, my little wife that is to be!

At New York I managed to pick up various details as to Miss Dean's movements, yet nothing conclusive amongst them all, but of Mary Smith there seemed to be no trace.

Of course the Solway had long since started on her return voyage, so there was no chance of consulting the captain. I got hold however of a maiden lady of uncertain age, having pitched upon her—after hearing the American detective's description of the various passengers—as likely to be the greatest gossip of them all. From this lady, at any rate, to find out whether Miss Dean had been seen during the crossing.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Fergusson!" Miss Lacy cried, in a high shrill tone which went through my head; and she bustled about the pretty room into which I had been shown, until she made me really dizzy. "Pray sit down. It's real good of you to call, I'm sure."

I was not so certain that she would think so when she knew my business. However I sat down, and proceeded to enlighten her.

"Real interesting your work must be, sir! I should be proud to help you if I could. Miss Dean! Let me see!"—putting her head on one side, and counting upon her tiny fingers. "There was Miss Ralph, and Miss Delanie, and Miss Brown—but they could none of them have any mystery about them; they were quite young. Besides——"

"Miss Dean must have been fully forty," I ventured to interpose.

The brisk little lady shook her head.

"Forty! Quite an unmentionable age, Mr. Fergusson! How cruel you gentlemen are! But forty! No. There was no single lady of more than twenty-eight or so on board."

I nearly exclaimed, "What, were you not there?" but fortunately remembered my good manners in time.

"She was lame, with very few teeth and a swollen face," I hastened to add. "Had she been on the ship, you could scarcely have failed to notice her for her ugliness."

Miss Lacy smiled a little absently.

"Let me consider," she said slowly.

I waited, and, all in a moment, some remembrance seemed to strike her.

"Yes, I was certain I should recall it in time! I did see her, Mr. Fergusson. It was about ten minutes or so before the Solway was off. Everything was in confusion, and no one was noticing anybody but themselves or their friends—except myself! I'm always fond of prospecting around. And I opine that I saw your Miss Dean come on board."

I was actually excited enough to jump up from my low chair and take the two hands which, in her eagerness, Miss Lacy held out in my direction.

"Yes?" I cried.

A change came over her face.

"Oh, that's all!" she answered. "I guess I should have observed her again if she had been around. But she wasn't! I never noticed her after the door of her state-room had closed behind her. I did see her go in there, for I followed her down below."

This advanced me a step anyhow. Thornaby had been unable to say whether she descended to a berth or not.

"Thank you," I said, "for telling me so much. By-the-way, I suppose you can't say who was sharing that cabin with her?"

There was another pause for consider-

ation; and then Miss Lacy raised her head and looked me full in the face.

"Mr. Fergusson, I have this minute recollected something else. It may help you, or it may not; but you will be the best judge as to that, so you shall hear. Miss Brown, who was real elegant, and a great friend of mine, heard the steward tell the captain the day after we started that the passenger who had booked both berths in Number 9 had never turned up, though some of the luggage was on board. I remarked then to Miss Brown and Miss Dale that I had observed a person go into that very same state room. They reminded me that most likely it was just a mistake which she'd made, and that maybe the steward had put her right later on, so I thought no more about it. Now the female I watched enter Number 9 was your Miss Dean."

I sat down again. Here indeed was food for thought! Then Miss Dean had certainly gone on board, and had as certainly been missing since the second day of the voyage. Was it possible that she could have fallen overboard unperceived and unmissed? I did not believe it.

"Of course I need not inquire if you have been asking questions, and all that sort of thing at the shipping office?" Miss Lacy said, after a couple of minutes' silence. "You know whether Miss Dean booked or not?"

"Not in her own name. But that proves nothing," I answered, slightly irritated at the interruption of my train of thought. "However, I must not trouble you further. I am much obliged for all you have told me. By-the-way, could you give me Miss Brown's address?"

Miss Lacy shook her head.

"She was an Englishwoman, coming over to rush the country. She may be half way to the Rockies by now."

Once outside the large building in which voluble Miss Lacy occupied a flat, I made for the restaurant where I knew I should find Everitt at that time of the day. When I arrived at the place the American detective was sitting at his usual small table, discussing a solid luncheon. I strolled in, and placed myself opposite to him.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated. "Have a bite?"

I gave my order to the waiter, who had already arrived, and then I leaned across the marble slab and fired my shot.

"How was it that you never found out that there was an unoccupied cabin on board the Solway which had been booked for two passengers from England?"

"Name o' Rolands, ain't the party? Cabin luggage on board. At present at the shipping-office awaiting identification. But that ain't any to do with the instructions you cabled—now has it? Cast your eye at this message"—producing a bulky pocket-book, and rapidly turning over a bundle of papers until he came upon the desired form. "Read it, boss," he said, continuing his meal in the meantime.

And I read aloud—

"Miss Dean, lame, bad teeth, swollen face; on board Solway. Track her, but don't arrest."

"She wasn't there, you take your affidavit. So I didn't shadow her," he says, looking up from his plate.

And this was one of the American detective force, of which I had heard so much! It really seemed my fate to be blessed with fools for assistants in this business.

I began my meal in silence, wondering what my next step should be—probably to see what I could do in Utah on a fresh trail, was my first notion.

"I wanted to have a look into them boxes," said Everitt, as he finished his meal; "but that ain't to be. They're consigned to R. Roland, Esq., and the company holds themselves responsible till R. Rolands, Esq., appears. I couldn't do anything with them."

I nodded, and determined to try my own hand, which I did the same afternoon, and succeeded in inspecting the luggage. Fortunately the manager had taken some interest in the Truscott murder case, in which I was engaged last year, and my name in connection with it seemed to have made an impression upon him.

"You don't say that it is Mr. Fergusson—the Mr. Fergusson?"—with most flattering emphasis, as he inspected my card. "Give us a grip, sir; I'm proud and happy to make your acquaintance! And now what can I do to serve you?"

I told him; and, with his permission and the aid of various keys, of which I understood the use, I speedily had Mr. Roland's packages open before me, to find nothing however but the essentials of a gentleman's wardrobe during a voyage. In the whole baggage there were but two noticeable details. In the first place there was an entirely empty trunk, and in the second every article of clothing proved to be brand-new, neither of which facts was, after all, extraordinary.

Had Miss Dean booked in the name of Mr. Rolands? Had Miss Lacy been mistaken as to the cabin entered by Miss Dean? Or, finally, had the astute Miss Dean laid her plans with even greater cleverness and caution than I suspected? I inclined to the last opinion; nor did I see my way to changing my mind, although I pondered over the matter during the whole of the seemingly interminable journey to Utah.

For I was on Mary Smith's track again at last, having left instructions with the polite shipping-office manager to telegraph me whenever the luggage was claimed. Everitt too was on the watch. But the value I set upon his services was low.

My wearying journey came to an end at last, and I found myself in the capital of the Mormon State. Its appearance surprised me. Why I should have expected to find squalor and dirt rampant I cannot say. I had however; and, when the railway landed me in a large, rather handsome city, with wide streets, along which streams of pure water ran in open channels, and where the houses were well built and substantial, I could scarcely believe myself to be at my destination.

I slept at the large hotel close to the depot or station, as it came more natural to me to call it. Awaking the next morning feeling brightened and refreshed, I decided to make inquiries for the abode of Mr. Uriah D. Young before any hint as to my arrival could reach the ears of the girl of whom I was in pursuit. Never, since the moment when my gaze first fell upon the name written in Mary Smith's hand upon the envelope with which Crazy Jo had presented me, had I felt perfectly sure that such a person as Uriah D. Young even existed; and during the time that I had occupied in traversing the many miles between the shores of Old England and those of the Great Salt Lake my doubts had but grown stronger.

It was therefore with no small degree of relief that I received a ready response to the first question about the gentleman which I put to my portly landlord, whom I found standing in the doorway of his abode, with his hands stuck—more for comfort than elegance—into the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Uriah D. Young, mister?" he said. "Oh, yes, I'm acquainted with him! See that brick house a bit down street? Well, lives there. But he's up country at present, tending his farm."

"Has he—are there——" I paused, utterly at a loss as to how to express my meaning in a properly delicate and becoming manner; for I had no desire to outrage the feelings of mine host, who, for anything I know, might be in the same boat as Mary Smith's husband.

The hotel-keeper stared at my hesitation.

"Are there what?" he said bluntly.

"How many wives has he?" I blurted out at last, egged on by the expression on my landlord's broad face.

The hotel-keeper laughed, amused at my modesty probably.

"Ah, stranger, easy to reckon you're a Gentile! But that's wot I ain't precisely in a position to tell yer just at present. One new gal arrived only three days since, and I doubt, as he was away, she'd have none such a pleasant time of it."

"A new one, was there?" I returned carelessly. "Do you people often have brides turn up by chance in that manner, Mr. Walker? I thought the laws were all against that style of going on now."

"I guess y'r' O. K. there, stranger"—smiling; "but there's a way o' getting over most laws in this world. As to the gal, she was a Britisher—tell it by her accent—a smartish female enough, with big black eyes and dark hair. Like to see her, mister?"

I considered the matter while I lighted a cigar.

"If I could see her without too much bother," I replied.

"Then go slick up to the porch and ask for her," said the landlord. "She'll be kind o' pleased like to see a fellow-countryman, there ain't no manner o' doubt. And I'm real sorry for the lass among all those women—and a stranger too! So I am."

I looked up and down the block in apparent hesitation, and then said—

"I'll take your advice. You couldn't tell me her name, I suppose?"

"'Mary Smith' was on the box she brought with her. Our Seth helped to haul it off the cars at the depot."

With a word of thanks to Mr. Walker for his information, I started for the house of Uriah Young, meditating on the way as to how best to deal with Mary Smith, now that she was actually within my reach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE WHO DINE FOR NOTHING.

An old hand at getting dinners for nothing has recently been brought to book. He was, at one time, a waiter, and it was his practice to saunter into a restaurant, and, with the careless air of a man about town, to order a good beef steak, "nicely cooked, with the gravy in," a piece of new bread, and a pint of coffee, with milk and sugar, or some equally substantial meal. When the bill was presented he would smilingly tell his brother professional that he had left his purse on the piano and could not pay then.

Over and over again this story was believed; but at last some sceptic made inquiries, only to discover that the rascal had neither purse nor piano, while his apartments appear to have been on the cold, cold ground.

Another man has just ended a long career at swindling restaurateurs. He used to order elaborate meals, and sometimes wash down his repast with champagne, afterwards confessing to the waiter that he had no money—not a farthing. Thereupon he was generally told to go, and so escaped scot free. This is a great mistake. If every offender were promptly given into custody, or at least kicked, dinner filching would soon be stopped.

In Paris the old form of swindling has become quite fashionable among the knights of industry, and, indeed, so many restaurant keepers have lately been victimized that it has been seriously proposed to make customers pay before they eat, so that fraud will be impossible.

One rogue has been going about representing himself as a certain well-known writer on the Petit Journal, and, as such, he obtained a number of dinners on credit—in one case amounting to three hundred francs, for fifteen days. Of course the cafe proprietor was not paid. When the swindler was arrested and taken before the commissioner of police, a mad woman was brought in, and while the attention of everybody was occupied by her, the man escaped and has not been seen since.

A rather singular case of such dinner stealing occurred in Paris two or three months back. Two young fellows—aged, please observe, eighteen and sixteen respectively—entered an expensive restaurant and ordered a first-class dinner. They ran up a long bill, drinking plenty of wine at their repast, and afterwards enjoying coffee and cigars, but when the account was presented they told the garcon they could not pay it. Thereupon the manager of the place was called. He took the young epicures each by the neck and knocked their heads together, and then stripped their clothes off them, with the exception of shirts, trousers, and socks, and turned them out. After slinking about half the night the two malefactors were arrested by the police.

The course of action taken by this restaurant keeper appears to be more satisfactory, all things considered, than an appeal to the law. A few weeks since a man was charged at a Paris police court with entering a wine shop and eating a dinner, costing ten cents, for which he could not pay. He pleaded that when he committed the offence he had not eaten for two days, and, besides, he "had thought," he said, "that the landlord would give him trust." The court ordered him to be imprisoned for fourteen days. But as the sentence was received by those present with loud hisses, it would have been better if the wine shop keeper had taken no legal action in the matter.

"I was forced to prosecute," said the caterer, who was certainly surprised at the heavy sentence, "as I am constantly being fleeced by swindlers, but I never thought the poor fellow would get such a severe sentence as that. But, after all, if he has got nothing to do, and nowhere to go, perhaps he will be as comfortable in prison as anywhere else."

New York restaurant keepers appear to have little or no trouble with people who want to dine for nothing; in fact, such swindlers seems to have no existence in what is proudly called "the metropolis of the future." If they had, the "trusting-to-a man's-honesty plan of quick-lunch service" would not be spreading so rapidly there. By this system each dish has its price attached to it, and every customer helps himself. When he has finished his meal, he draws from a rack a check corresponding to the value of the lunch, pays the sum at the cashier's desk, and walks out. Thus everything is left to the honesty of the diner.

Bric-a-Brac.

HOUSE-WIVES.—An attempt is being made in Edinburgh to teach young women to be good housewives. A diploma is given to those who pass satisfactory examinations in "practical housekeeping and management."

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY PLANTS.—The pear tree is in some parts of New Hampshire called witch-wood, and is occasionally carried in the pocket to keep off witches. In Nova Scotia it is thought that it is a cause of bad luck to keep in the house common begonia, called beefsteak geranium. In Salem and Boston it is thought unlucky to keep "Wandering Jew," as a house plant.

SWANS.—A curious, secretive proceeding of swans is described. The cygnets having been just hatched out, the male bird picked up an empty half egg-shell lying beside the water and carefully carried it to the edge of the water some twenty feet from the nest, filled it with mud, and pushed it into the river, where it sank to the bottom; and then repeated the performance with the other half egg-shell. On returning to the nest the last time, he placed a few sticks across the small track he had made. As no other pieces were seen about the nest, while five cygnets were hatched, it is inferred that the bird had done the same with all the egg-shells.

GYPSY WITCHES.—To become a witch the gypsies believe a woman must take instruction in witchcraft from a witch, often for years, and in payment must every day give her a drop of blood from the little finger of her left hand. A demoniacal spirit enters the woman after the proscribed rites have been performed, and this spirit can, if the witch wills it, and in the form of some beast, do harm wherever the witch sends him. As a worm or small snake he can crawl into the body of sleeping mortals and cause sickness and even sudden death. Therefore, in sleep one must not keep his mouth open, and with the tent gypsies it is every one's duty to cover the open mouth of a sleeper, even though he be a deadly foe, with a rag or else wake him up.

CURIOUS STONES.—One of the most curious stones in the world is found in Finland, where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer, and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called semakuir, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and niter. This fact being known, the explanation was easy. The salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere brought out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.

IN JAPAN.—Jap fashion is so much followed that this hint as to what the Japs think the correct thing may be worth following in Belgravia. An invitation to dinner among the upper classes of Japs frequently commences about as follows:—"I beg pardon for thus, insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at six o'clock on the 9th of December." Upon arriving at the house you will find it spotlessly clean, tasteful in arrangement, and the host and hostess affable indeed. The bill of fare consists of ten or fifteen courses, the best the market can afford. All the self-humiliation of the host is the method adopted to pay you honor.

ANIMALS THAT NEVER DRINK.—Mr. Blanford, in his book on Abyssinia, says that neither the dorcas nor Benett's gazelle (two allied species) ever drink. Darwin states, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," that, unless the huanacos, or wild llamas of Patagonia, drink salt water, in many localities they must drink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, for 52 years without a drop of water. It is often said that rabbits in a wild state never drink. The late Rev. J. G. Wood doubted whether this idea was correct, and recorded the fact that they feed on the herbage when it is heavy with dew, and, therefore, practically drink when eating. In the autumn and winter, when sheep are feeding on turnips, they require little or no water.

SOMETIME.

BY W. W. LONG.

Sometime, adown the future's winding ways
My tired eyes
Will wander back to all our happy days,
Where fond Love lies.

Remembrance thee will hurry back to you,
And this old room,
Of summers past that were so fond and true,
And fragrant bloom.

Sometime, amid the world's wild stirring throng
Will come to me
The echoes of a well-remembered song,
A memory of thee.

Your looks and music, every tender word
You spoke to me;
The night's when Love was deeply passion-stirred,
Will come to me.

Sometime, my soul will cry aloud in pain,
As lone I roam,
For just one hour of rest with you again
In this old room.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX—(CONTINUED.)

THEN when she was seated he got out a big carriage umbrella and put it up for them, and quietly slipping off his waterproof arranged it on the seat behind so that it completely protected them.

"Oh, but you will get wet!" remonstrated Lucy, much distressed.

But he laughed and made light of the business.

"We Londoners like getting wet sometimes," he said. "It is a change, you see. In London we take as much care of ourselves as if a spot of rain would kill us."

"Oh, I know," said Lucy, with shy pride; "I have lived in London for some time."

"I thought you said you were used to the country," he remarked.

"So I am, I was born in the country," Lucy exclaimed, in her frank simple manner, a manner, by the way, which possesses a greater charm for some, indeed most, men than all the cultivated artificialities. "I have lived all my life"—she said "all my life" as if she were at least sixty—"in the country, until I went to London to study for my exam."

"Your exam?" he said invitingly, and yet not obtrusively, and there was nothing in the interest displayed in his face which indicated presumption or idle curiosity.

"Yes," said Lucy, blushing faintly, "I am a teacher——"

"A governess?" he said.

"No, a teacher," corrected Lucy with fine emphasis. "I am one of the teachers at the Newfold School; there are only two—I mean teachers. I am the second."

"And do you like being a teacher?" he asked. His voice was as grave as ever, but the expression of interest seemed genuine.

The pleasant face looked so pretty and innocent and girlish, under the shadow of the big umbrella; the clear, low voice rang so true and sweet; it seemed to the weary city man as if he had stooped to pick up one of the wild flowers from the hedgerow.

"Oh, yes!" said Lucy promptly.

"I thought so, by the way you spoke," he said with a smile, and Lucy laughed and blushed.

"I like it very much," she said; "but then ours is such a nice school, and the girls are all such good girls—aren't they, Jenny."

"Yes, Miss Lucy," assented Jenny from under the wrap into which she had nestled.

"Self-praise—eh?" he said.

"Oh, but she is really very good!" said Lucy in a confidential whisper, which seemed to make them more intimate. "They are all good, and so we are both as happy as we can be."

"We both?" he said.

"I mean my fellow teacher—my principal," said Lucy, "Miss——" she was about to tell him the name, but stopped, remembering that he was a stranger, and that Leslie might not like her to be so confidential—about herself, at any rate.

"I am very glad you are so happy," he said. "Do you know I have been on the point of visiting your school."

"You!" said Lucy, opening her eyes with surprise and, as he noticed, with something else—a faint, but unmistakable pleasure.

"Yes," he said, "it belongs to a lady who is a friend of mine. She is kind enough to let me see to some of her business matters."

"The kindness seems to me on the other side," said Lucy, laughing.

Ralph Duncombe colored and found himself laughing too.

"Well," he said; "let us say we are both kind. I was going to explain that she had asked me to do something in connection with the school—I forget what it was now——"

"Perhaps it was the roof," said Lucy eagerly; "it is rather bad in one or two places; and the other morning two or three spots of water came through. Oh, I hope it was the roof!"

"It must have been," he said with due gravity, "and I will see that it is put right at once. Is there anything else that wants doing, Miss—Miss Lucy, I think you said your name was?"

"Yes, Lucy Somes," she said, thinking hard, and trying to remember if there was anything else wrong at her beloved school. "No, I don't think there is anything else the matter, excepting the roof."

"Perhaps I had better come and see for myself," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Are you—an architect?" Lucy inquired rather timidly.

Ralph Duncombe smiled.

"No, I am nothing nearly so clever. I am only an ordinary business man, very hard worked and very glad to run away from the city and into the fresh air."

"Ah, yes; how you must enjoy it!" said Lucy with a sympathetic little sigh. "To get away from the crowds and the heat and smoke."

So they talked, and as Ralph Duncombe listened to the sweet young voice it seemed to him as if there was a power in it to soothe his weary, restless spirit; and when Lucy suddenly exclaimed, as if she were greatly surprised that they should have reached the spot so soon, "Why, here is the corner!" he pulled the horse up with evident reluctance.

"I'll drive you round to the school," he said; but Lucy declined, and so earnestly that he could not persist.

He lifted them down and cut short Lucy's blushing thanks.

"It is I who ought to be and am very much obliged to you, Miss Somes," he said; "for you have made one part of my lonely drive very pleasant. I hope you won't be any the worse for your wetting."

"Oh, but I am as dry as a bone—and so is Jenny!" said Lucy, blushing still more. "Good-bye, and—and you will not forget the roof?"

"No, no!" he said. "But I must come and see it myself!"

He sat bolt upright in the cart, watching them as they ran along the road shining with the rain; and a strange feeling took possession of him. How lonely he had been before he saw them! How lonely all his life was! He was rich, fearfully rich, and yet there was not a streak of sunshine in his life. His love for Leslie Lisle had clouded it over as with a pall. Ah, why had the Fates dealt with him so unkindly; why had he not given his heart to some girl like the one who had just left him—one who would have returned his love and borne for him the sweet name of wife?

For the first time in his life Ralph Duncombe found himself thinking tenderly and wistfully of some other woman than Leslie Lisle.

He thought of her several times the next day; her sweet girlish face came between him and a most important letter he was writing; and once during the morning his chief clerk came in and found him—the great city man!—sitting with his head leaning on his hands and his eyes fixed vacantly on the window.

When Saturday came round again he remembered that he must go down to White Place to see Lady Eleanor. He had the horse harnessed and drove along the road, bright now with the autumn sunshine, and every inch of the way he thought of Lucy. When, in the afternoon, he reached the corner where he had set her and Jenny down, he pulled up, stared straight in front of him for a moment, then suddenly turned the corner and drove to the school; and his heart beat, as it had not beaten since he said good-bye to Leslie, as he saw Lucy's girlish figure in the garden. She wore a plain cotton frock, a big sun hat—much battered and sunburnt—was on her head, and the prettiest and most useless of rakes in her hand. She almost dropped this apology for a tool when she saw him, and the color ran up her cheeks as she came to the gate.

"You have come to see the roof!" she said, "that is kind of you!"

"Yes, I've come to see the roof!" he said: he had forgotten all about it, but he could scarcely say he had come to see her.

"I'm so sorry," said Lucy; "but my friend, the principal, you know, is out! She does not often leave the house and garden even for an hour, excepting to go to church, but I persuaded her to go down to the village this afternoon; I am so very sorry?"

"So am I!" responded Ralph with mendacious politeness. "May I come in?"

"Oh, yes, please!" said Lucy. "But the horse!"

"He will stand till this day week," said Ralph; "but I'll hitch the reins over the palings all the same."

"This way," said Lucy eagerly, and she led him to the school-room. He stared up at the very small hole in the roof with the deepest gravity apparently, but in reality he was thinking how sweetly pretty the face beside him looked as she upturned it to stare aloft.

"All right," he said, with a nod, "I'll see that it is put straight. You are sure there is nothing else?"

"No," said Lucy, "nothing. Oh, yes! The gate to the meadow is so very old that the donkey in the next field pushes it open, and——"

"Let us go and see it," said Ralph promptly. "We may as well do everything that wants doing at once."

They went to the meadow, and he examined the gate, and admired the view across the fields, and on Lucy's telling him that it was much better from the edge of the wood, he wandered off in that direction. And somehow or other they found themselves sitting on the stile that led into the little plantation, and talking, as Lucy put it afterwards, "like old friends. "So much so, indeed, that it was with quite a start that Lucy heard the clock strike five.

"Oh, I have not offered you any tea!" she exclaimed remorsefully. "Please come into the school-house. My friend will be back by this time, and she will be quite angry at my want of hospitality."

Ralph, picturing to himself a middle-aged schoolmistress as the "principal," looked at his watch hesitatingly, but, seeing a look of disappointment beginning to cloud Lucy's face, rose promptly. Why should he not go into tea with her? It was the last time he should see her, have an opportunity of listening to the sweet young voice, and at the thought a sudden pang shot through his heart. He had spent his life following a Will o' the Wisp; Leslie Lisle, even if he found her, would never be his; why should he not ask this pretty, innocent-eyed girl?

"Lucy," he said suddenly, and yet gently.

She started at the sound of her Christian name, and turned her eyes upon him questioningly.

"Don't be frightened," he said, still more gently, but with an earnest gravity that thrilled her, "and yet I'm afraid I shall frighten you! Do you know what it is I am going to ask you? No, you cannot guess! Lucy, since last Saturday I have been thinking of you every day."

"Of me?" the words left her lips in a whisper and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"Of you!" he said fervently. "I love you, Lucy. Will you be my wife?"

She stepped back, her eyes opening wide, her parted lips tremulous, but when he took her hand she did not shrink back farther, and she did not attempt to take her hand away.

* * * * * *

They wandered hand in hand about the lanes for an hour, while the horse contentedly nibbled at the grass at the bottom of the garden hedge, and during that hour Ralph told her who and what he was, told her everything, indeed, excepting of his love for Leslie Lisle, and Lucy was still in "Love's amaze" as they made their way back to the house.

"You must come in—if only for a moment," she said, as he was unfastening the reins. "I want to tell her—my fellow teacher—to—to—to show you to her." Her eyes sank, and her voice trembled. "I know she will be so glad! Besides I—I couldn't tell her about it all by myself. It is so sudden, so dreadfully sudden, that I should die of shame!" and her face grew crimson as she laughed.

"All right," he said, "I will come in, but it must be only for a moment, Lucy."

She opened the gate, and as she did so something glittering on the path caught her eye.

She stooped and picked it up.

"Why, it's a ring!" she exclaimed. "A gentleman's ring! You must have dropped it as you came in, Ralph!"

"Not I," he said, shaking his head.

He had not worn a ring since—since he had given his to Leslie.

"But you must have done," she said, with charming persistence. "No gentleman has passed this gate excepting you, sir!"

He laughed.

"Let me see!" he said.

He took the ring, looked at it, and the smile fled from his face, which suddenly went pale. It was the ring he had given Leslie! He stood dumb with amazement.

"Well?" she said, linking her arm in his, and so intent on the ring that she did not notice his pallor and constraint.

"Yes," he said, and his voice rang with a strange doubt and trouble. "Yes, it is my ring!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

RALPH DUNCOMBE stood looking at the ring as a man looks upon some trinket he has happened on that belonged to some dearly loved friend long since dead. The ring he had given Leslie! Back in a flash came the memory of the morning he had given it to her. The sea, the beach, the lovely face floated before his eyes and made him giddy. He had just asked this sweet, innocent girl to be his wife; he had no right, no wish to think of Leslie as a lover, and yet—ah, well, in the heart, as in Heaven, there are many manœuvres, and for the moment the old love filled the biggest place in Ralph Duncombe's heart.

"What is the matter?" asked Lucy, with faint wonder at his silence and stillness. "Is it so very precious a ring? Let me look at it. Would you have been very sorry if you had lost it?"

"Very," he assented, scarcely knowing what he said.

"How glad I am that I found it! You must have dropped it as you came in. How careless of you!"

"No," he said, bravely; he could no more prevaricate before that sweet innocence than lie outright. "No, Lucy, I did not drop it just now. I parted with it a long while ago, and I have not seen it since until now."

Lucy gazed up at him open-eyed.

"Then how did it come here?" she asked, in an awestruck whisper. "To whom did you give it? A gentleman, of course?"

"No," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "It was to——"

Before he could add "a woman," a voice low and clear, a voice which thrilled him and awoke the echo—thank God, for Lucy's sake, only the echo—of his old passion, was heard in the doorway.

"Lucy, are you there?"

It was Leslie's voice! Ralph Duncombe started, and in the shock of the surprise seized Lucy's arm.

"Who is that?" he breathed, in a hushed whisper, his eyes fixed on the doorway.

"Why, how nervous you are!" she said, laughing softly, but a little timidly, for she had seen him start, and felt the pressure of his hand. "Who should it be but my friend, Miss Lisle?"

"Miss—Lisle!" he repeated.

Something in his voice startled Lucy, and she shrank from him the slightest bit in the world. But he noticed it, and he put his arm round her.

"Your—your fellow teacher is called Leslie Lisle?" he said.

"I didn't say 'Leslie,'" said Lucy, half-frightened; "but it is Leslie."

As she spoke, a tall, slim figure in a white dress appeared against the dim background of the open doorway, then came towards them, then stopped.

"Is that you, Lucy? You are not alone——" As she stopped her eyes glanced quickly from one to the other, dilating as she looked; then her face grew crimson, and she spoke his name: "Ralph!"

"Leslie!" he answered, and made a movement towards her; then, as if suddenly remembering the wondering, frightened girl on his arm, stopped.

"You—you know one another?" said Lucy, at last, in a kind of gasp. "Oh, what does it mean?"

Ralph Duncombe, the ever ready, self-possessed city man, the man whose clerks regarded him as of iron rather than ordinary flesh and blood, stood biting his lip, and staring at the white figure motionless and dumb.

But the gods made women quick, and that glance from one to the other had told Leslie all their story. Trembling a little, but outwardly calm, she glided towards them.

"Yes," she said, slowly, distinctly, "Mr. Duncombe and I know each other. We

are old, very old friends——"

"Friends?" fell from Lucy's quivering lips, and spoke doubtfully in her wide-open eyes.

"Yes, dear," said Leslie softly, "great friends—nothing more." The last two words were breathed rather than spoken, and Lucy's lips opened with a deep sigh of relief, and the hand that had been gradually slipping, slipping from Ralph's arm, tightened again.

"This—this is a surprise, Les—Miss Lisle," he said at last, and his voice sounded almost harsh from his emotion. "Where have you been? What has happened?" he glanced at the black scarf, at the black ribbons on her sleeves, and his voice faltered.

Leslie's head dropped for a moment, then she raised it bravely.

"Yes!" she said, answering his unspoken question. "Months ago. I will tell you about it—presently. Will you both go in? You have something to tell me, I see," and she smiled. "I will come directly, I have lost something——"

Lucy took Ralph's hand and held it up.

"It is found," she said, and pointed to the ring solemnly. "It was to you he gave it, was it not, Leslie?" and a dark, a terrible fear, a pang almost of jealousy shook her heart.

Leslie motioned to Ralph to be silent, and taking Lucy's hand drew her towards her.

"Yes, Lucy," she said, in a low voice, every word thrilling intensely. "That ring was given to me by Mr. Duncombe. It was given to me as a pledge of friendship. It was a farewell gift. Given without requital; a pledge and token that if ever I needed the donor's help I had but to send it as a message to find that help. Since the day he gave it to me I have not seen Mr. Duncombe, but I have not forgotten him nor ceased to cherish my ring. And yet," a sad little smile curved her lip, "I have lost it twice——"

Somehow, these last few words went farther to reassure Lucy than anything else could go. Lovers do not lose their love tokens! If Leslie had cared for Ralph, she would have taken better care of her ring.

"I—I don't understand—ah, yes, I do! I see it all!" she said, with a little sob, and looking from one to the other. "I understand it all! It is very natural," her voice choked a little. "Who could see you, know you, without loving you——"

"Hush, hush!" whispered Leslie in her ear. "That was so long ago that he has forgotten it. There is only one woman in the world he loves, and she is here!" and she drew Lucy's face against her bosom with a loving pressure.

Ralph Duncombe stood, as a man in such a situation must stand, silent and awkward. It seemed as if both had clean forgotten him, but suddenly Leslie held out her hand to him.

"We have not shaken hands yet," she said, with a little laugh, "and we are keeping you outside in the most inhospitable fashion. Pray come in!" and she went in, still holding Lucy to her.

"Now let me turn up the lamp; how the evenings draw in, do they not?" Supper is ready, and——" Then she broke down, and sinking into a chair, leant her head in her hands.

Lucy knelt beside her and soothed her.

"It is her father she is thinking of," she whispered to Ralph with womanly instinct; she knew that Leslie would have died rather than weep over a lost lover before that lover and the woman who had won him. "It is of her father; the sight of you has brought it all back to her! Oh, how wonderful it all is! To think that you——"

"I'd better go!" said Ralph, with a man's aptitude at doing the wrong thing.

"No, no! wait till she has got over it. She will be all right in a moment; you don't know how brave she is."

Indeed, almost in a moment Leslie had dried her tears.

"Forgive me!" she murmured penitently. "How selfish you must think me! and I am so full of happiness at her happiness too! And it was to this gentleman—this old friend of mine—you gave the fern root, and it was he who drove you and Jenny home in the rain!"

"Yes! isn't it like a fairy story, Leslie? And you are really glad?" she asked wistfully.

Leslie took the upturned face in her hand.

"Gladder than I have ever been in my life—than I have been for, ah! so long!" she corrected herself. "If I could have chosen your future for you I would have chosen just this that fate has planned. You will make each other very, very happy, I know! Now sit down, Mr. Duncombe. I will promise not to—not to cry again. Lucy, cut some bread, I will be back in a moment."

As she left the room, Lucy stole half timidly up to Ralph.

"Oh, how could you think of me after—after loving her!" she whispered.

He bent his head and kissed her.

"Say no more, Lucy," he said gravely. "Let the past bury its dead. Yes, I—I loved her; but she—I was no more to her, never could have been more to her, than just a friend. I know it now; are you satisfied, dearest?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment, a look which seemed to sink into his soul; then she let her head fall on his breast with a sigh of peace. When Leslie came down there were no tears in her eyes, and presently, of her own accord, she spoke of her father's death, and told Ralph Duncombe how she had met with Lucy, and how they had passed their exams and obtained the school. But not one word did she say of Yorke. Ralph noticed this.

"And why did you not send to me?" he said reproachfully.

Leslie shook her head.

"You were too proud!" he said.

"Yes, that was it," she admitted. "I was too proud."

"And it would have given me such pleasure to have helped you!" he said. "Is there nothing I can do now? Can you think of nothing?"

Leslie shook her head with a faint smile.

"We have everything we want, have we not, Lucy?" she said.

Lucy blushed. She certainly had.

"No, there is nothing," continued Leslie then she stopped and he looked up quickly.

"There is something you have thought of?" he said.

Leslie's head drooped thoughtfully.

"Yes, there is something;" he said. Lucy got up as if to leave the room; but Leslie put out a hand and stayed her. "No, dear, it is no secret; besides, if it were, you must not keep secrets from each other. Wait a moment.

Lucy and Ralph exchanged glances.

"Do you know anything?" he asked.

Lucy shook her head.

"No," she replied in an awed whisper, "she has told me nothing of her past—nothing. We love each other like sisters, and I think there is no one in the world half so good or sweet as Leslie, but I should not dare—yes, that is the word—to ask for her confidence."

Leslie came back into the room. She had a small packet in her hand, and she laid it on the table before Ralph Duncombe.

"I am going to ask you to do something for me," she said with a smile that flickered sadly, as if it were very near tears. "I wish you to give this to the person to whom it is addressed."

Ralph Duncombe took up the packet.

"The Duke of Rothbury!" he said aloud. Lucy opened her eyes.

"You may open it," said Leslie in a low voice. "It is of value—great value, I believe. If it had not been I would have sent it by post. Yes, open it."

Ralph Duncombe opened the packet and stared amazed.

"It is of great value," he said gravely: "and—and I am to give it to the Duke of Rothbury?"

"Yes," said Leslie, her lips quivering The sight of the sorrow which she was trying to hide stirred him past repression.

"He gave you this?" he said.

"Yes, but—but do not ask me any questions, please," she faltered.

Her color came and went.

"It is not necessary," he said. "You have suffered, and at his hands——

"No—no——"

"But it's a yes, yes!" he said, with restrained passion, and with a strange perplexity. "Great Heaven, what a mistake Lady Eleanor had made! It was not Lord Auchester then, but the Duke of Rothbury Leslie had been going to marry."

"I will give it to him," he said sternly.

Leslie looked up with a sudden glance of apprehension.

"Give it to him; but that is all!" she said meaningly. "There is nothing to be said—or done."

"You mean that if—if he has injured you, you have forgiven him?" he said.

"Long, long ago!" she breathed. "You may say that, if—if there should be occasion, but no more."

He bowed his head.

"It shall be as you wish," he said; "your word is a law to me."

"I knew that you would do it for me," she said in a low voice; "would understand."

Then, as if she wished the subject to be closed, she began to talk of his and Lucy's strange meeting, and their future.

"It is the greatest pity in the world that you should have happened to be passing that day Lucy was frightened by the wild horseman, for the Government will lose one of its best teachers."

"And I shall gain one of the best wives!" he murmured. They talked for half an hour, and Leslie seemed as light-hearted as they, but presently she stole out of the room, looking over her shoulder in the doorway with a "good-night."

"Do you understand it?" whispered Lucy, as he took her in his arms to say farewell. "Does it mean that Leslie might have been a duchess?"

"Yes, I think so," he said. "I don't quite understand it; I feel as if I were groping in the dark with just a glimmer of light. But, anyhow, I know, I am sure that the fault, if there was any, was his, and I wish that she had left me free to tell him so and exact reparation."

"Ah, but that is just what you must not do!" said Lucy sternly. "It is just what Leslie does not want. You are to give him back the diamonds and say nothing excepting that she forgives him!"

He nodded with a sigh.

"Poor Leslie! How she must have suffered!"

"Yes, you can see that by her face, even now; and it is ever so much happier and brighter than when I saw it first. Ah, Ralph, I wish she were as happy as we are!"

Ralph Duncombe, as he drove along the road to White Place with the diamond pendant in his pocket, felt like a man struggling with a tremendous enigma. Lady Eleanor had evidently made a terrible and unaccountable blunder in stating and believing that it was Yorke Auchester whom Leslie was going to marry. How could she have made such a mistake? And what had happened to break off the marriage. Had the duke jilted Leslie? At the thought—though he was in love with Lucy now—his face grew red with anger, and he felt that, duke or no duke, he would have called him to account, but for Leslie's injunction.

When he reached White Place, he found Lady Eleanor pacing up and down the room with an open letter in her hand, and she turned to greet him with a smile on her flushed face.

"You have good news?" he said.

"Yes." She nodded twice with a joyous light in her eyes. "I have heard from Lord Auchester. He is coming back the day after to-morrow. He and the Duke of Rothbury——"

Ralph started, and his face darkened.

"The Duke of Rothbury?" he said. "I am glad of that, Lady Eleanor, for I wish to see him. And, Lady Eleanor, I have something to tell you—something you will be glad to hear. There has been a strange and awkward mistake. It was not Lord Auchester who was going to marry Miss—Miss Lisle, but the Duke of Rothbury."

Lady Eleanor's face paled, and she caught her breath.

"Not—Yorke! The duke! Ah, no, no! That cannot be!"

"Pardon me, but I am right," he said, rather sternly.

She shook her head.

"No, no; I saw——" She stopped, and the color flew to her face. "I saw him buying the—the wedding ring."

Ralph stared at her, then he smiled grimly.

"He may have bought a ring, but not for himself," he said. "It may have been for the duke, for it was the duke she was going to marry, Lady Eleanor."

"How—how do you know?"

"Miss Lisle herself told me."

She started.

"She! Where—where is she?"

"She is the teacher at the school at Newfold."

Lady Eleanor sank into a chair, and looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Here—so near?' Oh, let me think!" and she clasped her hands over her eyes.

"That is what I have been doing; thinking," he said grimly. "It has been a terrible blunder. I do not know all the circumstances—scarcely any, indeed—of the case; I only know that it was the duke to whom she was engaged."

"Was? Then it is broken off?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "By Miss Lisle—for good and sufficient reasons, I am certain."

She looked at him keenly.

"You know her—you have known her all along." She saw him color, and added in a breath—"Ah, I understand!"

"Yes," he said, "I have known Miss Lisle a long time. I had hoped once to induce her to become my wife, but——"

"And now?"

"I am engaged to another lady," he said, rather stiffly. "Miss Lisle refused me. That is all that need be said on that point, Lady Eleanor."

She inclined her head.

"It has been a terrible blunder," she said thoughtfully. "But—ah, what a load your news has removed from my heart! Not Lord Auchester, but the duke!"

She closed her eyes, and drew a long breath. Yorke was all her own now!

"Can you tell me the duke's address, Lady Eleanor?" he asked after a pause.

"His London house is in Grosvenor Square. He will go there, and not to Rothbury, on his return to England. Do you want to see him?" she added. "Why?"

"I have a small matter of business with his grace," he replied.

Lady Eleanor looked at his grave face apprehensive.

"You will not——"

"Tell him anything that has occurred? Scarcely, Lady Eleanor," he said. "That which you and I did in regard to these bills and Lord Auchester's money affairs must for ever remain secret. Erase it from your memory."

"Ah, if I could!" she murmured. "When I think of the possibility of his knowing——"

"It is not likely that he will ever know," he said. "The secret is yours and mine alone. You say that Lord Auchester is returning the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"In that case, Lady Eleanor, my visits to White Place must cease. You will not need any help of mine in the future—I need not say that I should be as ready and willing to be of assistance to you as I have ever been—but it will be better that all communications between us should cease. You will not misunderstand me?"

"No, no! I understand," she said. "I am very grateful for all you have done. But for you I should not be as happy as I am?"

"I am glad to have helped you to that happiness, however slightly," he said. "And I trust that you may be happier still in the future. "Good-bye, Lady Eleanor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.—There lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room. But, as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor, "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence," that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Then, Master Shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

"I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly in the future."

THE WAY TO HEALTH.—The only true way to health is that which common-sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience "void of offence." Some men eat themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

BY HELEN M. BURNSIDE.

Ah! we reck not of our blindness
When we speak, or haply write,
Of their failures, or successes,
Who strive with us in the fight:
For our comrade's aim we know not,
And it may be, in his eyes,
What to us appeared successes,
Were but failures in disguise.

What to us has looked like failure,
It may be, our brother knows,
Was the base on which the structure
Of his best success arose:
And we seldom know how often
On his patient heart will be
Deeply scored a list of failures
For the one success we see.

Let us strive to set before us
Only highest hope and aim,
Little heeding, as we labor,
If the world should praise or blame.
For our failures or successes
Well He knows, whose sweet "Well done!"
Will rejoice the "faithful servant,"
When the fight at last is won.

For Her Love's Sake.

BY J. R.

SOUVIGNY can hardly be called a village, consisting as it does of only a few fishermen's cottages scattered here and there under the friendly shelter of the cliffs. The inhabitants, hardly thrifty Normans, spend their days, and often nights, at the mercy of the wind and waves in order to catch the fish they sell for a few sous on the market at Cherbourg. At home their "gude wives" keep all bright and clean, nurse their chubby babies, and send up many a fervent prayer to St. Peter, the fishermen's patron-saint, for the safety of those at sea.

At some distance from the other cottages, in a tiny whitewashed house, lived Mere Laroux. Her husband had lain for many long years in the little cemetery on the hillside, and had left her two sons, Jean and Luc.

When Luc was sixteen years old, he told his mother and brother that he had promised the captain of a Cherbourg vessel that he would join him in a trip to Spain; and the next morning he started, with his bundle in his hand, to seek his fortune, as he said.

Years passed, and no more was heard of Luc, until he appeared one day as suddenly as he had left—but not alone. He led by the hand a little brown gipsy-looking girl, with hair like burnished gold and the darkest of dark eyes—a wild, untamed-looking creature.

In a few words Luc told his mother how he had been living all these years in Spain, where he had married, and where his wife had died, leaving him this one child. He meant now, he said, to take up the old life again; he had seen enough of foreign folk and foreign lands, and would stay at home with his old mother, and build a new boat for himself and one for Jean too—he had money enough and to spare.

And thus more years passed away. The brothers made long trips in the fine new vessel Luc's money had bought, often staying away for weeks together. They seldom brought fish home with them, having sold it all, they said, at Cherbourg on the way.

Mere Laroux was a very old woman now, hard of hearing and apathetic, living in the past and in the future, caring naught for the present but to supply the bodily wants of herself and grandchild.

So Ninon grew up untaught, and as wild as the sea-gulls the haunts of which she frequented. Her only books were sea and sky, her only friends the rocks and crags. The village children shunned her as an uncanny creature. From the day she had first appeared amongst them, speaking a strange tongue, they had pointed at her and screamed, "The witch, the witch!" running off immediately afterwards as fast as their sturdy legs would carry them.

The fishermen mending their nets on the sands often saw her perched like a bird on the very summit of one of the crags; then, throwing herself over the edge, she would descend, using her hands and feet, seeming rather to fly than to slide or scramble down. They would shake their heads, mutter a prayer, and warn their little ones against having anything to do with her.

But Ninon had such an appetite for happiness that the days never seemed too long or too lonely to the uncared-for solitary child. She would lie for hours in some nook among the rocks, gazing over the ever-changing surface of the waters, her thoughts far away in a beautiful dream-world all her own. If any one had seen her at such times, she might have been taken for a sea-nymph lying in wait for the unwary mariner, to lure him to destruction.

She was perhaps too "petite" to be altogether beautiful; but her small delicate figure was straight and supple, and she bore her head, with its crown of gold-brown hair, with an easy, natural grace. Her eyes were of the darkest, deepest brown, with a spark of that passion in them that can make one either very happy or very miserable, very good or very bad.

One stormy night, when Ninon was seated coolly before the kitchen fire, gazing into the glowing embers, tracing strange fantastic figures among them, and her old grandmother sat nodding over her spinning-wheel in the chimney-corner, the door suddenly opened, and Jean Laroux entered.

The old mother looked at her son, and from him through the open door, which Jean quickly closed and bolted. Then he threw himself at her feet, and, hiding his face in her lap, burst into a storm of tears. She knew then that she would never welcome back her boy again, and that Luc lay "rocked in the cradle of the deep," the sailor's grave.

When Ninon was about sixteen, an event happened which changed the whole tenor of her life. She was awakened one night by the noise of gravel being thrown against her window. She lay listening, not knowing whether it was fact or fancy. In a few moments she heard it again. She rose and opened the casement.

"I want you. Dress quickly, and jump from the window; I will catch you. Don't make a noise, or you will disturb the mother," said a voice which she recognized at once as that of her uncle. He had been absent for some weeks, and it was nothing unusual for him to return unexpectedly and by night.

Ninon put on her clothes, and in a few minutes stood beside him; the window was not far from the ground, and she had often jumped greater distances in her rambles among the rocks.

After telling her to follow him and to keep quiet, Jean led the way down the narrow uneven path to the shore. There he paused, took a small lantern from inside his coat, and, turning its light upon her face, said—

"Swear by the Holy Virgin never to reveal what you will see to-night. Do not be afraid; nothing shall harm you."

"I am not afraid," she answered.

"Swear then."

Ninon repeated the words after him with which she bound herself never to reveal the secrets entrusted to her.

"Come on," said Jean, leading the way again to a small boat lying at anchor under the cliffs.

They entered the boat; and soon the little bark was tossing like a nut-shell from crest to crest of the surging waves. After Jean had rowed in perfect silence for some time, the keel of the boat grated on the shore, and Ninon saw by the light of the lantern that they had entered a small cove. High dark cliffs bordered it on three sides, and projected far into and over the water.

From an opening in the cliff, large enough to admit a man with ease, proceeded a faint light. Jean disappeared through the aperture, Ninon following him, her heart beating fast with excitement.

They had entered a cavern which was so lofty that a man could stand up in it, and so deep that the other end was invisible in the faint light of the lantern and that of a tallow-candle placed on a projecting rock.

The ground was strewn with bales of goods and casks; and on a heap of sail-cloth near the entrance lay a man. His head was tied up in an old cloth, his eyes roved wildly round, and he muttered incoherently.

Jean bent over him for a few seconds, and then beckoned to Ninon.

"Look here, child," he said; "this poor fellow fell upon the rocks last night while we were bringing in the goods. There is a bad gash at the back of his head, and his arm is broken. I can't stop here with him; and it would look suspicious if I took him home, being a stranger; besides, he raves so now that the fever is on him that there's no knowing what he might let out; so you must look after him a bit. In a few weeks we shall be back to fetch those things there; and, if he is well by then, we can take him on board. Jacques has set the broken bones, and, once his head begins to heal, he'll get on. I must be off now. You can get back over the rocks as soon as day breaks; I have seen you climb more perilous paths. Your chief care must be to attract no notice."

Then Jean, having trimmed his lantern, departed; and a minute afterwards Ninon heard the boat being pushed off again, and she was alone—alone with a raving man, and a duty to be performed, a burden as yet unknown to her.

Ninon sat down with a very woe-begone countenance, wondering what she ought to do. She had never been in the presence of illness before, much less nursed any one; so she could only listen attentively to the man's mutterings, hoping that they might perhaps give her a clue to his wants. At last she fancied she caught the word "water," and then she remembered having seen her grandmother lay wet rags upon a sprained ankle.

Surely, she thought, the same could do no harm here?" She quickly took the handkerchief from her neck, and tearing it into strips, folded it and dipped it into a jar of water which stood near the sufferer, and then laid it on his burning brow. This experiment she repeated again and again; and soon he left off tossing about, his eyelids grew heavy, then closed, and his gentle breathing showed that he slept.

Every morning, for weeks afterwards, Ninon might have been seen descending the rough uneven sides of the cliffs at sunrise, with a little basket containing food for her patient slung round her neck, so as not to impede her progress. The inhabitants of Souvigny, good sleepy folk, were too accustomed to see her scrambling about in this way to think it anything unusual now.

At first the girl's duties were very hard to perform, for her patient was often fractious and impatient as a child; and her tender heart ached to see the pain he had to bear. Sometimes he lay so exhausted from pain and weakness that she, thinking he must be dead, would stand spellbound in an agony of dread and horror until he moved again. Once, when he was even more restless than usual, she laid her cool hand upon his forehead, and in a moment he was still, presently murmuring in Spanish—

"That is good, mother! Now sing to me."

Ninon, who had a retentive memory, loved singing the songs she remembered hearing in her early childhood. All lullabies and sweet love songs they were, with which the gentle Spanish mother had hushed her child to sleep in the vine-clad cottage in sunny Spain. Now Ninon sang them in sweet cooing tones; and henceforward her remedy never failed. So she would sit by the hour; and, when the songs were all sung, she would sing them through again.

Afterwards, when the sufferer was better, he would in his turn tell her of the beautiful bright world outside Souvigny of which she knew so little. She listened at first with a wistful dubious expression on her sweet face; but presently that cleared away, and her eyes began to sparkle with new thoughts and ideas.

Pierre Ricardo was no common sailor, as his dark refined face showed. A member of an old Spanish family, poor, but proud, he had joined the gang of smugglers, of which Jean Laroux was one, from very love of danger. By so doing, although not adding to the family exchequer, he did not reduce it; and indeed that would have been difficult; for his father, on the day he heard of his son's nefarious mode of living, drew a dark line through his name in the family register, and forbade the members of his household ever to mention him in his presence again. So all communication between them had ceased.

The bright summer days passed away—to Ninon all too quickly, for she dreaded now the thought of returning to the old life of loneliness. Tears filled her eyes and her heart seemed to stand still at the bare thought. But her work was nearly done; she had nursed the sailor back to life and strength, and in a few days more the little cove would be left again to the wild sea-birds, and Pierre would return to his own land.

One afternoon the sun shone brightly down upon the yellow sand, and upon Pierre stretched at full length under a projecting rock. Perched like a bird on another was Ninon, her hands clasped behind her head, gazing out over the dancing glittering waves.

"Come down, Ninon, and sit beside me. I cannot talk to you from here."

Ninon left her perch and took the seat offered her on a large stone, where Pierre, from his resting-place, could note every look and change of the little face. How dear it was to him he scarcely yet knew himself. Beautiful he had thought her from the first—wildly, strangely beautiful. The passion in her eyes gleamed there still, but it was purified now by the light of a sweet, womanly, tender soul.

"I shall not try your patience much longer now, Ninon—dear little nurse! The boat must come in some night this week—the moon is already in the last quarter."

Ninon made no answer; and Pierre added—

"You will be glad to get rid of me, I know."

She turned her face to him, and what he saw there seemed to please him; for he stretched out both his hands, and, catching hers, held them tightly clasped.

"Ninon darling, will you miss me?" And the old, old story was told again.

The next morning was wet and stormy; the waves dashed in fury against the rocks, and the sea-gulls darted shrieking over the surface of the angry waters.

Ninon filled her little basket with food, and was soon making her way down the side of the cliffs. A dull heavy weight seemed to oppress her, her heart trembled with a vague presentiment of evil. When she reached the cove, she paused and listened; no welcoming voice greeted her as usual.

"He sleeps," she murmured, and waited.

At another time she would have crept on tip-toe into the cave and have satisfied herself that all was well; now she seemed chained to the spot. At last, with an effort, she cried—

"Good-morning, Pierre!"

The sound of her own voice startled her, so strange and harsh it seemed. No answer came; and then, making a bound, she stood within the entrance. The cave was empty. The bales and casks were gone; the heap of sail-cloth which had formed Pierre's couch lay neatly folded on a shelving rock.

When the sun went down behind a bank of lurid clouds, Ninon left the cavern and went down the sands until she stood where the waves, rising and falling, almost touched her feet, a poor sorrowful little soul, who stood and gazed with great sad eyes, out of which shone a world of grief and longing, over the troubled waters. Not until the red and gold in the sky had faded and the pale gray veil of night lay over all alike did she turn away and climb painfully and slowly back over the rocks.

When she had reached the last point from which she could look down upon the spot where she had been taught life's sweetest lessons, she paused, and a long sobbing sigh escaped her lips; and the wind, murmuring among the rocks, seemed to take it up and repeat it again and again; while far below at her feet the waves chanted their mournful dirge. Under the water-pitcher in the cave lay a scrap of paper containing these words—

"The boat came in to-night. Good-bye, sweetheart. Look out for me again when the moon wanes. "PIERRE."

Ninon never found it; and so the note lay in its hiding place till it rotted and fell to pieces.

The days passed very slowly and wearily now to Ninon. Each day she was to be seen on the sand in the little cove, always gazing seaward; and, although, after a time, the storm of despair which had at first taken possession of her passed away, she was still a very lonely little mortal, and she would often stretch out her arms to the sea and cry aloud, "Oh, Pierre, my love, come back, for I cannot live alone!" And the passion of tears which followed would shake her tender frame from head to foot.

One evening, some three or four weeks after Pierre's departure, she was sitting in her favorite corner of the hearth; opposite sat her grandmother, and an old gossip from the village, who often looked in of an evening for half an hour's chat with Mere Laroux.

On this occasion she had entered bursting with news, her bleared old eyes almost sparkling, and her whole body shaking with excitement. She hardly waited for the usual question, "What's the news, neighbor?" before she began—

"Ah, who would have thought it? Such a thing has not been said of us of Souvigny since I was a babe; and then they caught Henri Ruel and Maitre Jacques of Cherbourg and hanged them, they did!"

"What for? What about? I don't understand," cried Mere Laroux.

"What for? Why, for smuggling, of course!"

At this another pair of eyes sought the old gossip's face and another pair of ears listened for what should come next.

"This afternoon three 'gendarmes' were here poking about and asking questions of the men who were busy mending their nets on the sands; and they wrote down the names of those who were away; and afterwards one of them, who is cousin to

my Louis's wife's nephew, told Louis that they were on the track of a gang of smugglers who, they say, put in here nearly every month when the moon is in the last quarter. They say too that they hide the goods in a cave near here before taking them on to Cherbourg. He says they are sure of them next time, and their orders are to take them alive or dead."

After a few more remarks, the old dame hurried away to take her news to some one else.

The affair caused great excitement among the inhabitants of the little hamlet. The men left their nets, and might be seen at all hours of the day standing in groups on the sands discussing eagerly the "if's" and "buts" of the case, and many a meaning glance was cast up to the little white cottage on the cliff.

In the meantime Ninon was half distracted with fear and anxiety. How could she let her uncle and Pierre know their danger, or what could she do to prevent harm from coming to them? A hundred ideas and plans presented themselves, each one seeming more impracticable than the others. At last she made up her mind not to fix upon any one of them, but to wait and watch, and then to act as it seemed best when the time came.

Every night, as soon as it was dark, she crept down to the shore and crouched behind some projecting rock, where she hoped to be able to discover anything unusual which might be going on. She never felt either rain, cold or wind—her nerves were strung to the highest pitch—but, when the moon rose and the danger was past, she had hardly strength left to crawl home.

One dark night a six-oared boat landed its crew under the shadow of the rocks below Souvigny. Ninon, from her post above, heard the sound; and in a moment her plan was formed. She waited until the men had dispersed among the rocks, and then she began to crawl down to the shore. Sometimes a whispering told her how near she was to discovery. Once a stone, dislodged by her foot, rolled down the path, and a rough voice called—

"Who goes there?"

Ninon's teeth met almost in her lip to suppress the cry that arose.

"It's nothing," answered another voice; "they can't be in before half an hour yet."

She waited a moment, and then crept on again, this time on her hands and feet. Oh, would she never reach the shore? On, on; and now at last she felt the soft sea-sand under her. There was no longer any fear of rolling stones; but the boat—where was the boat?

Every precious moment seemed to her an hour while she groped along, trying to find the boat; for this was her only hope. At last she felt it; the tide was rising, and the lapping of the water against its sides had led her to it. It was already half afloat too. A push, a spring, and she was in. She seized a pair of the oars, and after a few strokes the boat had left the shore—but not a moment too soon. Her movement had been heard, and the men rushed down to the shore.

"To the boat!" was the order; and to the boat they sprang.

A yell of rage announced the discovery of their loss. Their boat was now riding over the waves some twenty yards from the shore.

"Fire!" was the next command; and a volley rattled over the water, awakening a hundred echoes among the hollows of the cliffs. When the echoes had died away, the stroke of the oars was no longer heard; but the sound of the firing had been borne far out to sea, and, when the moon rose, a vessel might have been seen with all sails set speeding away, until at last she faded from sight.

Down the broad silvery pathway came another bark, and the pure cold queen of night looked down upon a face of calm triumphant beauty. The dark eyes were closed, the sweet lips sealed, and the moonbeams, resting on the unbound hair, turned it into a halo of glory. A small dark spot on the fair breast showed in what guise the grim angel had come to Ninon; but the look of restful happiness on the marble features showed how welcome he had been. Ride on, little bark, bearing your burden into the everlasting day! Farewell, little Ninon!

Moved to Death.—Birds have their love stories. A lady who is fond of birds picked up a young sparrow which had fallen from its nest, fed it from her own mouth, and at night placed it in the cage with her canary. The canary at once bestowed upon the newcomer all the attention of a mother, and nestled beside the little stranger during the night. In the morning the lady placed the chippy in the window, so it might have the privilege of regaining its freedom. It plumed its tiny wings and went away.

The canary mourned during the day as if he had lost his mate. In the evening the chippy came back and perched upon the window. The sash was raised and it flew in and nestled upon the cage. The canary struck up his liveliest notes, and seemed gratified. This was repeated two or three days, the chippy going each morning and returning in the evening. One day it went away and did not come back. The canary drooped, and the next day fell dead from his perch in the sunshine that played over the gilded cage in the window. The little creature died for love.

UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

"It is always the unexpected which happens" is a remark which is nowhere more verified than in the case of the unforeseen replies that often follow questions. An example of this kind of answer was given a short time ago in one of the Police Courts, when a would-be suicide was rescued by a passer-by from his attempt at self-destruction.

The rescuer, a working man, who had attended to "give evidence," asked if he could be indemnified for the loss of his day's work—and wages. The magistrate "regretted his inability to grant the witness compensation for his loss of time"; but, doubtless with a kindly intention of soothing the applicant's disappointed feelings, made complimentary remarks upon his prompt assistance to the would-be suicide; adding, "Of course, you could not have gone on and left him hanging there." "I only wish now that I had," grumbled the disappointed witness. Quite a volume might be filled with similar examples of unexpected retorts. Children are, of course, proverbial for such cruelly candid replies.

"How did you know me again, Billy?" asked a visitor, who had the misfortune to be somewhat marked by the small-pox. "Why, by the holes in your face, of course," was the prompt answer. There is a story of an eccentric nobleman who amused himself by constructing an elaborate mausoleum for his own remains, and who, when the edifice was erected, asked the architect, "Is anything now wanting to complete your design?" "Only your lordship's corpse," was the unexpected answer.

At some seaside resorts may still be seen an exhibition of "performing fleas." One of the spectators at such a show entered into conversation with its proprietor, and elicited much interesting information regarding the mode of training the insects, of dieting them, and also of their average length of life. The toils and anxieties incident to their profession appear to age "performing fleas" somewhat prematurely, and (like Giant Pope in the "Pilgrim's Progress") a trained flea usually becomes "crazy in his joints" long before his actual demise. "What do you do with the fleas when they become past work?" asked the spectator, thinking, perhaps, that regard for faithful servants, who had earned him money, might induce their owner, if not to turn them loose among the audience, at least to give them a chance of life by freeing them on an "excursion steamboat," or in a crowded third-class carriage. But the exhibitor was proof against these tender sentiments. "What do I do with my old fleas?—why, I scrunch them," was the brutally candid reply.

Unexpected answers have been given by others than children or uneducated people. Lord Houghton relates an anecdote of a lady friend who was somewhat famous for this kind of retort. An acquaintance was lamenting over the sad fate of a relative who had made an unfortunate marriage, and concluded, "What would you do in such a case? I am sure I should die." "No, I should kill," was the brisk rejoinder. Montesquieu was once addressed, "M. le President, it is not as if I should say, 'I give you my head.'" "Well, I would accept that gift," was the answer, "for small presents cement friendship." A legal dignitary, who had risen from a humble rank of life, was twitted by an opponent for having begun life as a barber's boy." "It is true that I did so," was the answer; "and if you had begun in a similar station, you would have remained there till the present day."

Equally trenchant was Lord Beaconsfield's reply to the impertinent questioner who asked him "what feeling could bind him to a wife older than himself?" "A feeling unknown to your nature—that of gratitude."

But probably one of the most startlingly unanticipated replies on record was that of the "Mother's help," a young lady versed in all present-day female attainments, who, in reply to the address, "I want a person of some experience in the nursery—do you know much about children?" cheerfully retorted, "Oh, dear, yes, I've dissected a baby."

Kindly people, who attempt to pay compliments, are often rebuffed by unexpected replies. Sir Walter Scott tells of a good-natured minister who complimented an old Highlander on his extraordinary memory. "Yes, but I only remember things here and there, things that take my fancy," said the old Gael. "Why, sir, if you were to preach to me for an hour, I should not remember a word of it next day." There is a story of her present Majesty being introduced to another aged Highlander, who professed himself a devoted Jacobite and staunch adherent of the "White Rose." In a few kindly words the Queen alluded to the old man's known principles, and added, "But I, too, am half a Stuart." "I know that," retorted the uncompromising adherent of the "white flower," "for if it were not for the Stuart blood in your veins you would never be permitted to be where you are."

"I hope and pray that the Parliament and the nation may hang together in accord and concord," said a Parliamentarian to a Cavalier friend. "I hope that the Parliament may hang in any cord as long as it be long enough and strong enough," was the prompt answer.

James I. disliked to hear encomiums lavished on his predecessor, "la Roi Elizabeth," as the French called her, and always depreciated her when possible. On one occasion, someone, speaking of the late queen as a "most wise princess," James said, sharply, "She had wise councillors." "And, please your Majesty," said the speaker, "did ever a fool choose wise councillors?" "I have forgotten my purse, but you will surely allow me to pass when I tell you that I am the Master of Balliol," said an Oxford don to the keeper of a turnpike near the town. "You may be the Master of Balliol, but you don't pass my gate if beant the master of two-pence," was the unexpected reply.

The Fable of the Rat, the Mouse, and the Trap.—One day a Well-fed and Sagacious Rat came across an Object made of Stout Wires, and its Sole Occupation seemed to be to take Care of a Liberal Piece of Cheese. Having had several years' Experience with Men and Their Machinations, the Rat Looked the Ground over with Great Care, and He was still Engaged in this Occupation when a Mouse Appeared and wanted to Know what was up. "Why, the fact is," replied the Rat, "I have more cheese here than I can possibly Eat at one meal, and as Cheese spoils quickly in this Climate, I was waiting for someone to come along and Accept of a Portion." "You are very, very Generous," said the Mouse. "Don't Mention it. Just Step Inside and pass the Cheese out, will you?" The Mouse had no sooner nibbled at the Bait than there was a Crash and he found himself Trapped. "Ah! that's the Way it Works, is it?" queried the Rat. "I couldn't just make it out. Um! I see. Spring there somewhere. Very good idea." "But I'm caught!" exclaimed the Mouse in great Agitation. "So I observe." "And what's to be done?" "Well, I leave that to you to Decide. I let you in on the ground floor and my Responsibility ceased there. Fine day to day? Hope we shall have an early Spring." Moral: Experience acquired at the expense of Others is Soothing as well as Valuable.

Plants that can Move.—There are plants which possess powers of motion strictly comparable to those exhibited by the lower order of animals. The sensitive and insect-eating plants display these qualities in a remarkable degree. Similar movements to those of the sensitive plants, but occurring spontaneously, may be observed in others. Thus, in the telegraph plant, the leaf consists of three large central leaflets and two smaller ones. The motion is especially observable in the small side leaflets, which on a warm day may be seen to rise and fall by a succession of jerking movements, now stopping for some time, then moving briskly, always resting for a while in some part of their course and starting again without apparent cause, "seemingly of their own will," as a well-known authority remarks. A class of algæ, which grow in the water, are constantly in a state of oscillation, balancing themselves backwards and forwards during the whole period of their existence.

Scientific and Useful.

Ropes.—Tarred ropes, hawsers, and the like have twenty-five per cent. less strength than white ropes. This is in consequence of the injury the fibres receive from the high temperature of the tar—two hundred and ninety degrees.

The French Army.—Officers and soldiers of the French army will henceforward have a numbered metallic plate fastened on their collars for purposes of identification. A similar scheme is being considered for the benefit of miners.

Walking Boots.—Cod liver oil and beeswax make an excellent application for walking boots. This is easily made by putting small pieces of beeswax into a shallow tin, pouring a little oil over it, and putting it into a warm oven till it gets to be about the substance of thick cream.

Steel and Iron.—It is important in workshop manipulation to remember that, if a piece of cast steel be made red-hot and quenched in cold water, it will become longer, but, if the same operation be performed on a piece of wrought iron, it will become shorter.

In War.—An Austrian chemist claims to have invented a fluid of most destructive properties. This fluid when brought into contact with the air, after the explosion of a shell in which it had been contained, is transformed into a gas, which, being heavier than the air, descends to the ground, killing all men and animals within its reach.

New Umbrella.—The latest fad has arrived in New York in the shape of an umbrella. It is constructed so as to curl up around the rim when opened, forming a complete gutter like those around the eaves of houses. This gutter catches the rain as it runs down the mansard roof and keeps it from running down to the ground and splashing one trousers. By a slight tilt the water is caught and thrown to a common centre, where a pipe leads down through the umbrella handle to the ground, allowing the water to run out.

Farm and Garden.

The Bull.—It is better that those owning from one to five cows should join and buy a partnership animal of high merit, rather than a cheap bull for each farm.

Hints.—Manure piles are good breeders of gripes in chickens. Ducks can stand out in a hard rain, but dampness induces cramps. As the weather becomes warmer care must be taken in shipping not to crowd.

Good Seeds.—When seeds are at their best, and the conditions for germination good, it is surprising how long a way a little weight will go. As many as 5000 plants have been obtained from a single ounce of onion seed.

Egg-Eaters.—Hens can be cured of eating eggs by blowing out the contents of an egg, and filling it with mustard, made into a paste. Make a hole in each end and then blow the contents out, and when filled paste paper over the hole. One taste of the mustard effects a cure.

Insect Destroyer.—The most cleanly and effective of insect-destroyers is quassia water, made by boiling four ounces of quassia chips in a gallon of soft water for ten minutes, and adding to it while hot four ounces of soft soap. This, applied with a brush, will kill all the aphis family, and when syringed on the plants it kills all its touches. For syringing with, there should only be two ounces of soft soap to the gallon of water.

Baling.—Not every owner or operator of a baling press knows how to bale hay properly, and he did, it would still be important that the farmer know when hay is properly baled, that he may insist on good work being done. He will often find that the balers have shirked, or been careless, and very little of this will knock a dollar a ton off the price of the hay. It will not do to trust altogether to the honesty of the balers, especially when they are hired by the owner of the press, and have no direct interest in the work being well done.

Appetite is Generally Restored to delicate children by the use—in tonic dose—of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge; and not only an appetite, but strength and vigor as well. While essentially a strengthener, it is also an excellent vermifuge; and if these pests of childhood are present, there is no better, safer or cheaper remedy. Sold by all Druggists.

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As to Looks.

There is probably no subject in the world which excites more interest in the human mind than personal appearance. Whether we are conscious of it or not, it is the centre of the greater portion of our daily thoughts.

Look, for instance, at some of the other themes on which thought dwells—ambition, anticipation, anxiety, charity, or sympathy. The space of time occupied by any one of these in twenty-four hours cannot equal that which we spend on our toilet, dress and comportment combined.

They claim our attention at the earliest hour of the morning; follow us instinctively through every action of the day; are present at our meetings of social intercourse; haunt our pleasures, not unfrequently mar them; and are probably in some degree the last shadows which veil us from the land of dreams.

People who depreciate or pretend to be wholly indifferent to their looks, either act a lie, or else fail to recognize the main structure on which the human mind is built.

What, in fact, are looks for? If faces were like blades of grass or leaves of trees, where would be our identity? Where would be our passions? Where would be our motives? The whole world would become a gigantic piece of machinery, worked by the mind of man, without aim, without vitality, without result.

It is the human form divine which gives lifeblood to our passage through this world. Emulation, self-respect, improvement and admiration are all qualities which spring from the consciousness that outward appearance is, and was intended to be, a matter of first importance. It is as much a law of nature as self-preservation.

No matter how handsome or how ugly a man may be—and there is no distinction between man and woman here—let him go arm in arm with a friend towards a mirror. Whose image does he first glance at? Not the friend's, you may be sure.

Observe a lady walking along the street. How many times will she glance at her own reflection in the shop windows? As often as she gets the chance. The sight never loses its novelty.

That question, "What am I looking like?" never loses its fascination.

Let her go into a room full of mirrors. She will look into one on the right; then immediately turn and repeat the process on the left. She is quite right. The two sides are entirely different.

Again, let her see a friend appear in a new dress or fashion. What is the first thought that occurs to her? "Now I wonder how that would suit me?" She at once turns over in her mind how and when the idea is to be carried out, while the friend is all the while flattering herself she is an object of admiration.

Let no man or woman condemn themselves for this weakness. It is common to all alike. Neither let them undervalue good looks, nor despair of improving bad ones.

The gift of beauty is often allied with a fascination of manner which plain faces may sigh for in vain. If it could be bought for money, what price would not be paid for that peculiar glance or smile which is imprinted for all time!

But while we acknowledge its power and envy its impression, there is much to be said on the opposite side. Those who lack beauty avoid its snares. Those who are passed by, pause to ask themselves how they may turn life to its best account. They have no chance in the world of show. They will not even have honorable mention. They had best not compete.

Other fields are open to them, wider and more satisfying than the gift that fades. We are few of us born geniuses; but we venture to say many who come under that head have become known to the world from the simple fact that they were born with a plain face.

It is easy to recall instances where even severe bodily affliction has not been an obstacle to a distinguished career.

There is, however, one kind of beauty with which no one is born and to which any one may attain, but the means of acquiring it is a secret which each must find out for himself. It is exceedingly rare and exceedingly beautiful.

At least once in our lives we may remember to have seen such a face, generally that of an old man with many lines in it. It arrests the heart as well as the eye. It makes us yearn for something yet unknown, that serenity of countenance which is the index of a saintly soul.

WHATEVER is beautiful is refining. Whether in nature or in art, the presence of the beautiful softens and purifies. But let no young lady fall into the blunder of supposing that only that which is expensive can ever be beautiful. It is labor, care, skill, an artistic eye, and a refined taste that beautify. Whether in home or in dress, in speech or in manners, money is not the main thing which provides the beautiful. The dowdy apparel of many a slattern has cost more money by far than the neat and beautiful garb of her indigent but orderly neighbor.

IT is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others, as to secure to us the consciousness of independence, and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

FINDING how short-lived is everything terrestrial, should we on that account be sad and desponding? On the contrary, we should learn to make the most of the passing hour. We should also acquire the habit of adapting ourselves to the fluctuating conditions in which we are placed, and of compelling even untoward circumstances to minister to our enjoyment.

WOMEN admire strength without seeking to imitate it; men gentleness without bestowing it in return. Patience is strength; impatience is weakness. To sit quiet, even though what is going on wearies you, is a gain. Buds do not come up in a day, and if you wait you may find flowers where only a little while ago you thought it was all barren waste. Strive against the disposition to fly from one place to another.

A MODERATE self-confidence is the foundation of true manliness of character, and the source whence have issued most of the noblest enterprises in the world's history. Nothing great was ever done without a proper self-esteem—a quality which becomes objectionable only when it is allowed to preponderate over better feelings.

LOVE, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope, and charity for another being, perhaps but a creation of his imagination; still it is a great advance for a man to be loving even in his imaginations.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you, for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

THE desire to do right and the knowledge of what is right must go hand in hand in the formation of every noble character, and each stimulates the other to new energy. Any attempt to develop the one to the exclusion of the other must end in failure.

PEACEFUL and harmonious relations in human society, the blessings of friendship, and the joys of affection can be the share only of him who can govern his feelings instead of allowing his feelings to govern him.

IT were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of deity.

THERE are people whose good qualities shine brightest in the darkness, like the rays of the diamond; but there are others whose virtues are only brought out by the light, like the colors of a silk.

IT will afford far sweeter happiness, in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

HE who does not respect confidence will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler action becomes extinct in him.

THE desires that have only a bodily end and aim, that are unconnected with the high, holy, and noble purposes of a pure, true, and good life, are false desires, and should be slain.

WOE to falsehood! it affords no relief to the breast, like truth; it gives us no comfort, pains him who forges it, and like an arrow directed by a god flies back and wounds the archer.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

POPPY.—Black lace can be ironed with a damp cloth over it, and made to look very nice; you will have to pick it off the dress and lay it quite flat to do it; if it is rusty at all, damping it with a little beer will have a good effect.

FLOWERS.—Chloroform acts differently on different people. Some are rendered completely unconscious to pain and sensation of every sort; some are conscious of all that is passing, yet do not feel; and others, again, are alive to all the suffering, but perfectly helpless.

MOTHER.—There is no way to make a boy grow, unless he is naturally inclined to increase in height, fast. A course of gymnastics would be a good thing for setting him up and adding to his height; but two inches in six months is almost too much to expect of any lad.

CURIOUS.—The shrub called "Christ's Thorn" is a plant with peculiarly sharp and strong thorns, which grows plentifully in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. It takes its name from the notion that the crown of thorns at the crucifixion was made from its branches.

MISS K.—There is no actual law to force a daughter to maintain her parents, but unless there were very exceptional circumstances to make it unadvisable or impossible to do so, we should think that a daughter would hardly want to ask any question about helping her father or mother if help was needed.

P. E.—The glass most used for making the paste of which false precious stones are manufactured is called strass (German, strass), named after the man who first discovered it. It can be colored with oxides of metals so perfectly, it is said, that the false stones can scarcely be told from the real ones.

DOROTHY.—Hogmanay is the last day of the old year. The word is Scotch, and the origin of it is uncertain; it is used also to express the gifts that are bestowed on that day, which is in Scotland much what Christmas Eve is in this country. New Year's Day is the holiday, north of the Tweed, and the first Monday of the year is called Handsel Monday.

ANXIOUS.—The art of conversation can hardly be learned from books; it is a gift with some persons, while others are, as you say of yourself, always at a loss. Carefully-chosen reading will make you at your ease on most subjects; mixing with other people will give you confidence and ease in society. Nothing can give intellect if it is not there by nature.

MAVOURNEEN.—Your quotation is not from Shakspeare; it is from Congreve's "Mourning Bride," I., i.—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak."

Rather a wild flight of fancy! But no doubt it may charm snakes, and prevent an attack from them.

ASTRONOMY.—The planet Neptune was first seen and recognized by Galle and Encke at the Berlin Observatory on the night of September 23, 1846. In the previous year the late Professor Adams at Cambridge and Leverrier in Paris had deduced the existence of this planet from the irregular movements of Uranus. In 1848 the Royal Astronomical Society admitted the claims of Adams and Leverrier to the merit of the discovery as equal.

GIPSY.—If the young gentleman is so fastidious now you will have a difficulty in dealing with him when he has the right to dictate to you about your personal appearance. If you are really anxious to please him in the matter, and your red face is objectionable to him, try what wearing a veil will do when you have to go out in the wind, and apply a little vaseline to your cheeks when you go to bed. There is nothing offensive in a bright color, and it certainly shows that you are in good health.

LITTLE BAB.—The proverbial phrase about the pity it would be to "lose a ship for a hap'orth of tar" is not an allusion to a "ship" at all, though "tar" is much employed upon them. The real origin is to be traced to the peasantry, who pronounce incorrectly, and clip their words. It has reference to the marking of the owner's initials on their sheep with hot tar, the neglect of which plan would probably result in their loss, as they are too much alike in most cases to be recognized with any well-proved certainty, and could not be claimed from a thief.

A. P.—Ultramontane is one of those words which, from representing a locality, has come to represent a religious belief and a political party. Ultramontane literally means "over the mountains." When used as a political term, it refers to Italy and the political and religious tenets of the Church and State. Representatives of these principles, in whatever nation of Europe they are found, are called Ultramontanes. In Spain, in France, in Germany, and in Austria, the Ultramontane party is still a strong element in the direction of public affairs.

SUE.—The excessive perspiration from which you suffer, especially about the hands and feet, is not altogether uncommon. The condition appears to be connected with disturbances of the nervous system supplying the skin in the various localities. Unfortunately, beyond recommending a tonic, such as quinine and iron twice a day, and the use of thin and absorbent coverings for the hands and feet, not much can be done. Starch and borax in powder may be dusted into the shoes; and sometimes bathing the parts affected with a diluted disinfectant seems to brace up the vessels and stop excessive sweating. Sea bathing is said to act in a similar manner.

A WISH.

BY F. A.

Could I but fashion the future for thee,
As the Summer in Eden thy pathway should be;
Loved, loving, and honored, thy years sho'd glide by
Like a song o'er the waters while stars gem the sky,
And Fame's richest garland should circle thy head,
Such as rarely is woven except for the dead.

When earth's light is fading and pulses ebb low,
And the angel of death breathes the summons to go,
Thy soul should rejoice to hail the new day,
And visions ecstatic Illumine the way
To regions of glory, to fair realms of peace,
Where joy and love welcome the spirit's release.

A Maori Tangi.

BY H. M. R.

HE LAY dead at my feet; but there was an ugly gash in my throat, from which the blood was trickling down my chest. I stood over him—frowning—my fist still clenched, my breath coming in uneven sobs, my teeth biting hard on one another. It had been an unfair act, he with his sharp knife and premeditated plan, I with my bare clenched hand, and taken all unawares.

My heart was thudding against my ribs, I felt deadly sick, and myself whispered to me over and over again: "You've killed a man! Murderer! You've killed a man! You've hurled a soul into the vast Unknown!" And I whispered back: "Yes, I am Cain—I am branded. If the wages of sin is death, what can be the wages of death itself, though in self-defence?"

Then I bound up my throat, and I took it and laid it upon its bed and covered it with blankets that could never keep off the chill of death, and I left it as if asleep. I crept out of his house on tip-toe, I wouldn't for the world have heard the sound of my own feet, and I took his pruning knife, the knife with which he had tried to sever my soul from my body, and I stuck it point down into the earth, just under a black wattle. I trod on it until the hilt had sunk under the sod, then I thought a moment, and next went back, pulled the door to, and locking it, buried the key in the same way.

That was cunning of me, for, seeing the door closed, people would think he was away.

I went to the home-paddock, just at the side of the house where the horses were, we had tied them to the fence before going in, and before—it had happed. The two were standing together, and when I was within five yards of them, his horse gave a sharp whinny, tugged at his reins and broke loose. I was not surprised at that, as I know he had always been a difficult horse to catch or tie up; but when I came up to my mare, she went into a shivering all over her, and laid back her ears, and turned her eyes until I could see the white glistening in the moonlight.

It was as if a devil had crept in behind and sat there gleaming at me, I could have cut them out then and there, had I not loved the blue roan since the time she'd been foaled; her nostrils were distended, and her under-lip drooped till I saw her teeth all shining, and she made a horrid sort of grunting noise in her throat, it was as if the devil in her were talking; probably she was only out of condition and was grinding her teeth, for what had gone before had unnerved me, and the look of her gave me a turn. She seemed possessed, and strained so at the reins, I thought she'd slip her head gear altogether. Aye! she scented a murder! I went up and whispered to her, I wouldn't have spoken out for the world, I was afraid of awaking the Dead. When I laid my hand on her neck, she was shaking, and I found her in a cold sweat. Well, I had ridden her fast and that was the real reason, though I didn't think of it at the time.

Then I mounted and rode to the front, stepping as much on the grass as I could. I had a bother to get the gate open, and I grew desperate over it, for I felt that I was being watched; that each blank darkened window was looking at me; some unwinking eye behind each pane of glass was silently watching every movement I made—watching and recording.

It seemed an actual presence, I felt that if I put my hand to my shoulders, I should feel something clinging there—and yet I dared not move my hand—I would have given fifty sheep to have been able to turn and face those quiet, watchful eyes; but for the life of me I couldn't, and all this time the gate stuck fast and I felt them creeping up behind me. At last I flung myself off my horse, my head still turned away from the house, and the mare and I passed out.

I looked straight ahead as I dug my heels into her sides, and in five minutes we turned the corner; but the eyes followed me, they mounted with the stars, and with the stars looked down from Heaven, and every star was a God's eye watching me all the time. I never took my own off the roan's ears, and she brought me home in something under an hour.

I took off saddle and bridle, turned her loose, and walked to the house. It was dark and I couldn't find the door handle—and I grew as wild over that as I had been over his gate—I had a feeling as if something were creeping—creeping up to me somewhere about my feet. I knew that if I looked down I should see eyes gleaming from the ground. I kicked at the door, and it flew open; I dashed in and flung it to; as I did so, there came a sudden howl, it made me yell, but it was only one of my dogs who'd been following in at my heels, and got jammed between the door and the post.

Mary and Alec were sitting at supper, we never waited for one another, and my sister called out:

"Why, Joe, whatever's the matter?"

I stumbled on to a bench and said:

"Matter? Murder's the matter!"

My brother started up, and Mary, without a word, took the whiskey from the cupboard and gave me half a wine glass of it neat.

"Now then," she said, "you'll sit down and get your color back before you talk another word," but her face was white as chalk.

"Sit down, man," said Alec, pointing to my seat; but I said: "I'll sit in your place, Alec, if you have no objection." You see he sat on a bench close against the wall, so that you could lean your back against it. I didn't want a space behind me. "You haven't put the curtain down," I went to my sister.

"Why, no," she answered, "no more I have, we thought it such a fine bright night," but she went and shut out all the spring stars. They say there's a song called "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes," I believe it. "And will you shut your bedroom door," I said, for it stood wide open, and the room was pitch dark, and served as a black board for a certain too vivid picture. Then told I them all.

"Before God, I am innocent," said I.

"Before God, you are innocent," she repeated with loyal trust in me, and Alec just laid his hand on my shoulder.

"You'll have to clear," he said presently.

"Where to?" I asked. "I can't stir to night, not if I were to be caught and hanged for it. MacNab will find me out wherever I am, and there isn't any bush to lie away in."

"Oh, yes, there is," answered Alec, "only it's a goodish ride. "You'll have to start to-morrow at five."

"The mare's done."

"Well, and isn't there mine, Joe?"

And then we turned in, Mary gave a quick sob as she kissed me; but for that, she might have been turned to stone, for our Molly wasn't the girl to go into hysterics when anything happened and her help was needed.

I went to bed, and slept just as a man who is going to be hanged passes his last night. I hear that they often sleep so soundly that it is a difficulty to wake them. At five, Alec's hand was on my shoulder.

"Sorry to wake you, Joe, but you'd better be stirring; I've let you sleep as long as I dared."

I woke, and with one flash yesterday's events started out before me. There was no gradual leading up to the climax step by step, of memory. No, the word murderer sprang into life at my waking moment; but I seemed to have been a Cain so many years, that the knowledge did not send me mad as I thought it would. I got up and plunged my head into cold water; fronting me was a piece of looking-glass that we shaved at, but I kept my eyes away from it.

Mary was bustling about the kitchen; she was doing up some sandwiches for me; she hardly spoke a word, and she looked as though she hadn't slept all night. It seems to me as if women must be for ever suffering for our sins as well as their own. She had only cut a slice or two, when we heard a horse come clattering on the red bricks laid down outside the kitchen door. Mary threw down the knife, and rushed to where I leant against the dresser. She stood in front of me, her head held high and her hand grasping mine; she was game to stand by me to the last. God bless her! for it is such women as our Molly who keep men chivalrous.

"Hallo!" sang out a voice, and we knew it was Charlie Shepherd; he lived seven miles away. "Look sharp, some of you, I can't get down."

We all ran out. Charlie tossed a note to me. Both he and his beast were panting. "I thought I'd warn you," he said between the gasps, "wrote it while Walrea was saddling the horse," he urged it round as he spoke, but Mary came out with a pannikin of cold tea.

"Drink that," she said imperiously.

"Thank you, dear," he said, as he handed the tin back. "You've always a thought for others, Mary, though the heart is all my own," and he turned away. They were to be married in spring.

"MacNab and Gardiner will be here in an hour, and if I don't look sharp we'll meet on the road. I said some of the steers had got stuck in the bush, and that was how I had to be off in such a devil of a hurry," he shouted out over his shoulder as he galloped off.

We went back to the house and read his pencilled note.

"MacNab is here (he was the police officer), he is after Joe—he went to see Walton—he found the house locked up, and would have gone away, but he saw one of the windows open, and he knew he couldn't have left home, his horse, too, was in the paddock—saddle and bridle on—he suspects Joe—goodness knows why! Wanted to know if I'd got him in hiding here—he has gone to fetch Gardiner and those devil dogs of his—for God's sake look out!"

Mary sank into a chair.

"Don't talk to me, do you hear? I want to think, and do you both think hard too, it's just twenty past six, and we can't reckon for certain after seven."

The clock slowly ticked away five minutes, and then she said in a hesitating sort of way:

"You know the old whare—down by the well? Supposing we lay Joe out in it for dead, and have the Pakara family over, and hold a Tangi?"

My heart gave a bound. "What about my face?"

"Leave that to me. Alec, ride for dear life, or dear Joe's dear life, to the Pakaras, and get the mother and girls over—they must come, do you hear? they'll back us up; they would do anything for Joe."

Alec caught his black mare, and bitted her, but never stopped to put the saddle on. The Maori pah was only a mile away—seven minutes to do it in, and twenty to explain matters and get the women here; that would fetch the hands of the clock round to thirteen minutes to seven—a close shave.

Mary called to me; there was warm water in a cup, and my razor by its side, soap, and a piece of newspaper.

"Shave!" she said, and I lathered my face, but when it came to holding the razor, my hand was trembling so that I had to lay it down and look at her.

"Sit down," she said again, and she took the razor, and her hand was as steady as a barber's as she first clipped then shaved off my beard and moustache.

She burned the hair in the fire, and wiped the razor on the paper. Then she took out her box of oil-colors and rubbed a sickly shade of yellow green all over my face, neck and hands. She got out her Prussian blue, and painted a tattoo on my lips, round my chin, nostrils and forehead.

"We'll make you a well-born Maori while we are about it," she said, trying to ease my fears by a faint joke. "Thank Heaven, your hair couldn't be blacker or straighter if you were one. Now go down to the whare and get things ready."

I got together a lot of spring bush, and spread a blanket over it. We had a few tappoo pieces of jadi, and I hung them at the head of the bed, and I tidied up the hut a bit, and then went back to the house.

Mary was on her knees, scrubbing out Alec's and my room.

"What's that for, Molly?" I asked, as she wrung out the floor cloth and opened the windows wide.

"The dogs," she answered with a shudder, and the first look of real horror I had seen in her eyes. "We don't want them to find out you've just been here, do we? don't you stand so far into the room; I must do out the kitchen now, and after that you mustn't come inside the house." Hadn't that girl a head on her shoulders, and a heart in her white breast?

By the time she had finished the kitchen Alec was back.

"They're coming," he said, "they'll be here, they're running as hard as they can."

You see we'd been some fifteen years in that part of the country; we leased out six hundred acres from the Pakaras, and had always been prime favorites with them. I'd rather lease land from the Maoris any day, providing they're friendly than from Government or any private individuals.

"What about the mare?" I asked suddenly, "if MacNab sees her, he'll know I'm here."

Mary gave a groan as she pressed her hands to her head.

"So much to remember, so much to be done, so miserably few minutes to do it all in."

"I'll drive her away," said Alec.

"Yes, and he'll see the hoof marks, won't he?" broke in Mary. "If you could only get her to the river and send her down it."

"The wood sledge," I said, "Get her on to that," and we two ran out. We harnessed the black horse to the sledge we had for carting wood, and then we caught the blue roan, and tried to coax her on to it. She just planted her forefeet down and would not stir an inch. I sprang on her back and urged her forward, and got her to step on to it. We tied her with ropes, or she'd have been overboard like a shot. When we got her down to the river there was another standstill, for now she wouldn't budge off the sledge. I struck her, yes, I struck her hard. I was half mad. I'd like to get her forgiveness for it now.

"Go back to the house," shouted Alec. "I'll manage her. Go back and help Mary," and I went.

The Pakaras had come. The old lady was a bit blown, as she had trotted the whole way; but the girls were sound as bells. Their hair was hanging down their backs, and they were stripped to the waist, and the mourning crowns of willow branches hung down all round them. The green streamers drooping over their faces clothing their shoulders, and falling far below their waists.

They looked on it all as a joke, and cracked one or two; but I felt in no humor to see the fun.

Just then we heard a scream of utter agony coming from the river side. Have you ever heard the shrill screech of a horse in torture? I turned faint and sick, and Mary burst into tears; she had such a tender heart for animals. We heard it once again. Presently Alec came back—his face was twitching.

"It's the first time I've ever tortured a dumb beast," he said in a stifled voice.

I've never asked him to this day what he did to the mare to get her into the water.

The whare was two hundred yards off; we all went to it, and while Mary laid me out, Alec and the four women worked like negroes. We'd sunk an artesian well close to the old hut, and as the girls fetch the water, Alec and old Mrs. Pakara sluiced down the path I had taken to the hut, and all round about it too.

"That'll puzzle those d—d dogs," said Alec. The clock struck seven as Mary laid a clean sheet over me, then a Maori feather mat which the Pakaras had brought over with them. She hid my hands as well as she could amongst the folds, "For," she said, "you may be able to keep your face still; but it's likely enough your hands will want to twitch." She rolled a blanket up on each side of me under the sheet, so that it lay more across them than over my chest, in case it should by any chance give to heave. Alec poured a bucket or two of water round the bed, and made the floor in a grand slosh, and Mary flew up to the house and brought down an armful of gum-tree leaves and set fire to them.

"The dogs'll be clever if they smell you through all that water and smoke," said she, and then put the usual plate of salt on my chest, and bent down to kiss me.

"God help and save you, Joe!" she whispered, and rushed away back to the house.

"Practicing take long breaths, Joe," said Alec, "and God bless you," and he too was gone.

The four Maori women squatted round me, and we passed the time in talking.

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About ten minutes past seven, I heard the baying of the dogs. God! how the blood froze round my heart. It seems more horrible to be tracked by dogs than by human being; I can't tell why, unless it is that one stands next to no chance against the former, though of the two, I

think the man's the more brutal.

The four Pakaras gave a simultaneous, long-drawn shriek, and then settled down into a nice comfortable howl or drone—rather like what you hear when you put your ear to a telegraph post in a country lane.

Mary told me all about it afterwards.

MacNab and Gardiner rode up.

"Is your brother here?" asked the former as he dismounted, and walked into the kitchen.

"No," said Mary, and—

"No," said Alec.

He look at them and asked to see Alec's and my room. He glanced at my bed; Mary had made it already.

"Humph," he said, "then he hasn't slept here, has he?"

"I should have seen him, I suppose, if he had," answered Alec, chuckling with his head towards his own bed, which was all tumbled. "Haven't seen Joe for two days, and can't think what's keeping him so long; he only went in to buy grass seed."

MacNab glances all round.

"You've been shaving," he said quickly seeing the razor out and the cup beside it.

"Yes," said Alec.

"You've got hair on your face a week old," answered MacNab sharply.

"I didn't say I had been shaving myself, did I? You're so precious sharp," retorted Alec, to give himself time to invent.

The police officer took up the paper on which Mary had wiped the razor.

"Black hair," he said. "Your brother's got a black beard."

"So has my mare," answerd Alec quickly. "Leastways her coat's black. I'm blistering her off fore, and of course I've got to shave the part first, haven't I?"

MacNab didn't answer; he was whistling softly to himself.

"Are those your brother's things?" he asked, pointing to a pair of old moleskins, and a flannel shirt of Alec's.

"Yes," said my brother, lying.

The Inquisitor whistled.

"Let 'em go, Gardiner! Here Drum! here Fife! smell 'em." He took down Alec's clothes and flung them on the floor. The two animals—Danish bloodhounds—one a pale slate color, the other blackish, went up to the things and sniffed them all over.

"Give me a pair of your brother's boots," then said MacNab.

Alec went and fetched a pair of his own. The officer looked at them in silence.

"Your brother is a good three inches taller than you; out with your foot," and he measured the boots against Alec's.

They matched exactly.

"What the devil, sir, do you mean by trying to put me and my dogs off the scent?" And he turned black as thunder, then went into the kitchen again, where Mary working.

"You have not seen your brother then?" he said again.

"Not since the day before yesterday."

"Ha! your brother Alec says it was two days ago!"

"Well, Mr. MacNab, and isn't that the day before yesterday?" asked Mary, sharp as a needle, looking him full in the face.

"You're prepared to swear to it?"

"Yes, I am prepared to swear to it," but her eyes fell to his boots, for it went hard against the grain for Molly to tell a lie.

"Fetch a bible," shouted MacNab.

Mary had a name for being awfully religious round our way, and he thought he'd test her.

"Certainly," she said, though she blanched. "Alec, will you get the bible?" and she looked imploring at him. She dared not go for it herself, for fear MacNab should see that her knees knocked together.

Alec brought back the bible. It was one that our mother had used from the time she was a girl of sixteen; all births, deaths and marriages were set down in the first page, and she had faded away—her dying hands round it.

That bible was God Himself to Mary, but she stood up, and pressed her lips to the book, and swore that for two days, she hadn't seen the man whom she had kissed but twenty minutes before.

And then her face went the color of ashes, for she had perjured herself, and to a girl of Mary's conscience, that meant a sin as black as hell. But I fancy that there are some such crimes which, instead of thrusting you down a step, give you a shove up towards the Throne. Bad sentiment? Yes, it probably is—anyway it's a dangerous one to follow.

"What are you a-holding a Tangi here for?" asked MacNab, as he heard a long-ish howl.

"Only the Pakaras over a relation," answered Mary. "We let them use the whare when they like; it does us no harm and pleases them."

"I'll go and see," said MacNab.

"And I'll come with you," said Alec.

"Catch hold of the leash, Gardiner, while we're there," and down the path they went.

My brother talked loud all the way, to give me time to pull myself together, and be braced up to meet the coming ordeal.

A great sickness spread up from my fainting heart to my throat, and I felt the bed rocking and swaying, as MacNab and Alec entered the hut.

"Pah! What's this Eucalyptus you've been burning?"

"Well, Mary wouldn't be satisfied till we'd burnt a whole cart load of it, for fear he'd died of something infectious."

"Very sensible of her."

So I thought.

He stepped to the bedside, the women howled like fury.

"Stop that," he called out impatiently, "while I look at him. He's a stranger—don't know his face."

"Yes, it seems he died yesterday on the way to the Pah."

"Yes? let me look at him."

Look! his eyes seemed to pierce through my eyelids, and compel them to open and gaze back at him in defiance. He looked while I slowly and imperceptibly expelled the air in my lungs. He stood, looking down, while I felt as if a scorching breath were passing over my forehead, and wrinkling up the skin, and I felt that my face must twitch. It was coming, that sudden condemning quiver, coming, that convulsion all across my face. God! hadn't it taken place? The dread had been as terrible as the reality, and the fancy as real as the fact. And then, I felt the most horrible inclination to laugh, shriek, scream, though I knew it would be my last on earth, and that the laugh in my throat was equivalent to the rope round it.

Every joke I had ever heard in my life rushed across my mind, each so irresistibly funny, so absurdly comic, that I knew I must laugh outright, if it lasted much longers.

MacNab stretched out his hand to lay it upon one of mine—Mrs. Pakara flew at him with such a volley of Maori, such a battery of dangerous-looking claws, that he backed. I took the opportunity to take a long, slow breath.

"He's not a bad looking fellow that," said MacNab, as they left the hut, and I laughed—yes, you'll scarcely believe me, but I laughed under my breath, though the prespiration was starting out through the oil color and all. Of all the jokes that had laughed through my mind, at the critical moment, surely that was the best of them!

Their voices died away in the distance, and I sat up in my death couch and brought all the salt down with a crash and broke the plate; but Mary mended it one day, and it stands now on a conspicuous shelf of the dresser.

The women wanted to squat down and have a confab, but I said:

"You'd better keep it up a bit longer," and so they set up a howl that you could have heard in Wanganui, and told what a precious father, husband, brother, and friend the world has lost. I never knew I had so many good points in my life before, and as I lay listening to them, it gave me quite a comfortable glow.

And oh! by the Lord Harry! didn't it seem an age before Mary came to tell me that MacNab had been gone half an hour. She helped me to sit up, for I had grown stiff with it all, and she kissed me, and between the kisses came many a little murmur of womanly tenderness, and we went up to the house. The first thing our Molly did was to wash my face, then we sent the Pakaras home heavier than they came; but it was the right sort of heaviness, and they had no objection to carrying it.

Will you believe me that I hadn't been up at the house more than two hours, and Mary was sitting on my knee, and we were cracking a mild joke, when she gave a feeble scream and caught my head in her hands and pressed my face against her breast. I struggled myself free, and saw at one door MacNab looking at me in a reflective, absent sort of way, and Gardiner standing in the other, with his eyes on his chief for orders.

"Now, don't made a skirmish of it," were MacNab's first words, "because there are others outside, and the dogs are loose. I couldn't make myself easy somehow," he went on. "For instance, the shaving of the mare's off foot, because I'd passed her five minutes before, as we came through the slips rails, and I got down to feel her legs; I wanted to see if there were any signs of her having been hard ridden the night before, and there wasn't the ghost of a shaven patch about either. And so it puzzled me," he went on, "it puzzled me a little, when you told me you had just shaved her. The room had been newly washed out, and it was surely rather early in the day to begin that sort of thing, though I am certain Miss Mary is a good house-wife. The bed too, I slipt my hand under the blankets when you had gone for the boots, and I was surprised to find it slightly warm. It did not enter into my head, at the time, that you probably kept it warm for your brother while he is away. It was remarkable also," he proceeded pleasantly, "what an interest Drum and Fife took in Alec's movements, once they had inspected his moleskins. I confess," and this was the most brutal of all, "I confess when Miss Mary swore an oath on a sacred book that she had not seen her brother for two days, that it somewhat led me astray. I saw that the path to the whare had been watered, and knew that it wasn't much good having the dogs with me." He took a chair and sat down. "I went into the hut, and saw what I took to be a fine young Maori lying out in state, I don't know what it was that put it into my head that the corpse I was looking at was the live man I was on the hunt for. I could have stared at you," he said, turning his head to me, "I could have stared at you till that twitch really had passed over your face—I saw it coming—or until you had been forced to take a good breath, and so betray yourself. I could have made you suffer a good bit more; but, somehow, it struck me it was a plucky thing you were doing, and that your heart was going like a sledge hammer, and that you had real grit in you to stay like that, and so I turned away, and I've been admiring you all for your cleverness ever since."

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It's a good long time since all this happened—in fact, I've had time, I hope, to fulfil the former half of my Maori epitaph, and as it all happened years ago, I can talk pretty calmly over it. I was taken off and locked up, no bail was allowed, and I was thankful when my day came, though I stood in the dock for the first time in my life. Well, I don't care for law cases any more than you do, so I'll give you the only interesting item of the whole piece, and that was my acquittal. Of course, if I hadn't been pronounced innocent, how could I be telling you this yarn.

Faith! I'd have been hanged long ago, and Mrs. Pakara and her daughters would have had to come over and hold a Tangi in sober earnest down by the little whare.

The Enemy She Loved.

BY T. L. R.

IF I thought daughter of mine would so much as touch a hated German's hand I would swear she had been changed in her cradle!"

So spoke Jules Favart in hot breath, just before the siege of Paris had begun—breath kindled by the news brought him by the girl shrinking before his anger—the news that one of her schoolmates, and the child of an old neighbor, had absolutely been married, the day previous, to a young German officer, bearing active arms against the country of his newly-made wife.

All through the day old Jules kept muttering to himself; at nightfall he called his little Olive to him.

"Women are strange beings," he began, as if to relieve his mind of a load which was weighing upon it; "and perhaps I've no right to believe you of different stuff from the rest. These are uncertain times we're in, too. I want you, Olive, to make me a solemn promise; nay, more, to kneel beside me and make me a solemn oath. Kneel, my girl—kneel."

Pale and terrified, the young girl knelt.

"Now raise your hand, and swear that you will never marry a man who cannot boast French blood in his veins!"

Solemnly the girl swore.

The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long, shining black braids wound about the little head.

"I'm ready now," she said.

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun. Within a month the child of Jules Favart, who had enlisted, was orphaned. A German bullet had stilled for ever the heart so loyal to France.

For a time Olive was stunned. No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for around and about her everyone was nursing some misery of their own. Every house bore some badge of mourning. Every heart carried its own burden.

But sorrier days were in store in Paris—days when the Germans marched untroubled through its streets, and spoke their hated language in loud, triumphal accents.

On a party of these Olive stumbled one evening as she hastened home. They were common soldiers, and her pretty face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil of crape, attracted them.

Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in insulting praise in her own tongue.

She hastily drew down her veil, but one bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it. Scarcely had he done so than it was struck down by a sharp, quick blow from behind.

Olive turned to see the Frenchman who had delivered her; but, lo! a young officer in full German uniform, stood before her, respectfully touching his hat.

A few swift words of command to the men sent them abashed away. Then, with an accent almost as pure as her own, he begged that she would allow him to escort her home.

"Such outrages in time of war are difficult alway to prevent," he said: "but you risk much by appearing unattended in the street. Always your father—your brother ——"

"Ah!" she interrupted, "do you leave us our fathers and our brothers? No! I have been to the hospital, caring for the poor men who may be spared to their daughters and their sisters. As for me, you have already taken from me my all."

And she moved quickly away, as if the conversation were at an end; but the young officer kept pace behind her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested. You hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more."

"There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour, or very little earlier, I must return."

A shadow, and then a light, swept over the young man's face.

"I am stationed so near here that, if you will permit me, every night I will be your escort."

"I would rather die than accept a kindness from your hands, or those of any of your blood!" she answered, hotly—"you, who are my dear father's murderers!"

And as she spoke the last words she paused before a gate, which the concierge hastily opened for her admittance, and which instantly swung to behind her.

But alone in her own room, Olive paused singularly enough, she could recall every feature of the young officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty; the echo of his voice lingered in her ear—a voice low, and rich, and musical—musical even when he sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue.

All the next day she was busy again among the wounded.

When the evening fell she hastened homeward, but with new dread, new sinking, until, looking behind her, as she turned the corner of a street, she saw, following her, her protector of the night before.

Until the gate again closed behind her, he let but that little distance intervene between them.

The hot blood mounted to her face, and yet an instinctive sense of care and protection mingled with what she named presumption.

Every night after it was the same. Earlier or later, as she might chance to be, he was near her, nor left her till she was safe within her own home. One night he approached her.

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. "I cannot be here to aid you. You must not go out alone. Promise me that you will not."

For a moment she was almost tempted into forgetfulness that he was a German. For a moment she was almost tempted to answer—"I promise!" then she recovered herself, and turned hotly and indignantly upon him.

"Pass my word to you!" she said—"to you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the enemy I love!" he replied. "Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life, and who has answered me with scorn and contempt always? I know not. Some strange freak of fate, perhaps, but so it is. I may go out to-morrow to meet my death. If I should,

doubtless you will never know that thus France has avenged herself; but I should like to feel you sometimes gave me one kindly thought, even as my last thought, living or dying, will be of the woman who gave me a stone for the heart I offered her. But, for Heaven's sake, promise me you will not go out alone to-morrow. Do not let me have the added torture that you are in peril."

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand was on the bell. She opened her lips, meaning to rebuke, but lo, instead, the two simple words, "I promise!" alone emanated from them in a low and thrilling whisper.

Before she had divined his intention, he had caught in his the little gloved fingers and raised them to his lips. The next moment the gate swung to between them, and Olive, flying to her own room, had flung herself in a burst of bitter sobbing on the bed.

He was a German, and she—hated him.

Three days after she paused beside two surgeons in earnest consultation.

"There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood. If we could get some one to submit to transfusion, I think he would recover."

"Impossible!" answered the other.

And Olive passed on into the room where lay the sufferer. She paused beside the cot. He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages; but, all changed as he was, she recognized him, and fell, with a low cry, beside him.

To her he was nameless, but he was the German who she—hated, and the man whom she—loved!

Ah, in that moment she knew the truth, and then she remembers the surgeons' words. They were about separating when she returned to them.

"You said transfusion would save him," she said. "I am strong and I am ready."

And rolling back her sleeve, she disclosed her bare, white arm, with its dimly-outlined blue veins.

A little while the physicians demurred, but it was a new experiment in science, and in the end she had her way.

She did not even shudder as the sharp lancelet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into his was ecstasy; for though to her it might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his.

She swooned before the operation was completed, and days had passed before she could rally even to know that her sacrifice had been in vain.

But the terrible days were over, when Olive was allowed to once more assume her role as nurse. Max Meyder was still in need of all her care; but when she stood once again beside him he looked at her with wide-open, conscious eyes, into which, as he recognized her, there came a look of ineffable happiness.

"My love!" he murmured, and then fell asleep, with her hand clasped tight in his.

Through long weeks she nursed him—weeks which taught her that all her future must be wretchedness, since her promise to her dead father forbade that he should share it.

But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, he almost wholly convalescent now, he spoke them, as, in low, endearing accents, he asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs she told him all then, and hid her face within her hands. But he gently drew them down, and drew her head upon his heart.

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth! Have I, then, none in mine? Did you not mingle yours with mine—the very blood of Jules Favart? Ah, Olive, keep your vow to your dead father, and, keeping it, give yourself to me!"

In silent rapture, Olive listened to the words; but, as her arm clung closer about his neck, he knew that he had won his cause, and that she had gone over for ever to the—Enemy She Loved!

THE Empress of Japan takes a keen interest in female education, and devotes all her "savings" to this object. Every month she visits the school for peeresses at Toki, and personally interviews each student, and inquires after her progress and well-being. The Japanese girl students, while eager to embrace our learning, have not copied our costumes and habits, and remain still the quaint, gentle, picturesque maidens of Japan, clad in the many-colored and flowing kimono and gorgeous obi.

SCHOOLBOY ESSAYS.

The replies of schoolboys to their examiners are often, it is almost perhaps unnecessary to say, of a very amusing character. This is not merely the case in regard to answers given by word of mouth, or those set down on paper in the course of written examinations, for strange processes of reasoning and surprising examples of confusion of ideas are frequently brought to light through the medium of essays.

A lad in writing on the distinction between ancient and modern languages, for instance, stated that "a dead language is one which is spoken after death; the Greek language is spoken below, the Latin above; therefore Latin is harder than Greek."

In a Board school, again, a boy in the sixth standard asserted in his composition that "the position of Prime Minister is now occupied by the Archbishop of Canterbury," while a class-mate bestowed the post of the Premier upon Mr. Spurgeon.

Then the very brevity of some compositions of the kind we are considering is diverting to a degree. In a large Board school, a class of boys were instructed to write an account of Ireland; and one young hopeful succinctly, and perhaps not altogether inaptly, stated that the Sister Island is remarkably for three things—"bogs, pigs, and potatoes." Another shortly described Mary Queen of Scots as "The Virgin Mary;" while a third lad wrote, "Sir William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was for long better known as the Young Pretender." Yet another lad explained in a brief essay that Charles I. "died from want of breath."

But the biography of persons of historical celebrity, as treated by schoolboy authors, sometimes diverges not a little from accepted authorities on the subject. A composition sent in at one of the training colleges stated that "Benjamin Disraeli or the Earl of Beaconsfield was the greatest statesman of his time. He belonged to the Liberal side when he was young, but when he came to his proper senses at the age of forty, or just over, he turned to the Tories, and was soon made their leader. He was against the Home Rulers, and was also engaged in a Relief Bill." Among other things, it will be noted that some political bias is displayed by the above writer.

Then regarding John Milton the following essay was at the same place presented to the examiners. "John Milton was an elegant poet of the present century, and in addition he was also a clear essayist. He spent his lifetime in England, and was educated at Oxford and Cambridge. He wrote 'The Death of Little Nell,' and also 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Sir Arthur Westley was a great poet and novelist also, and his works very much resembled Milton." In this, the concluding sentence appears to be a piece of quite gratuitous information, of whatever value.

Much has been written about the Indian Mutiny, but here is an essay which throws some new light upon the origin of that outbreak: "The Sepoy mutiny was caused on account of some guns being sent to India which were made of swine's fat, which was an abomination to them."

Concerning the inhabitants of Iceland, too, we are treated to interesting particulars in the following statement: "The poor Icelanders are wrapped from head to foot in fur, so they never see the beauties of Nature, but the very children are well adapted to the climate."

Writing on the subject of the cession of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, a youth considered it probable that the new boundary line would consist of a "paling set across the country."

"Home" is a favorite topic often prescribed for school essays. The subject being "Home, sweet Home," a boy wrote: "'There's no place like home.' You can see this in many houses; you can see it on the fenders."

Girls sometimes write curious essays on this subject. There is pathos in the following extract from such a performance: "There is a song which we sing at school which makes me sometimes tremble while we are singing it. The lines which makes me feel the quearest are, 'Mid pleasures and palices though we may rome, be it ever it so humble, there's no place like Home.' It makes me think of our Court, and what a happy home ours would be if it wasn't for all them pommies going in beer. Will our home ever be more like Home than it is, I wonder?"

Told to compose a letter "as natural as possible," another girl wrote: "Dear Nelly—I was very sorry to hear that your husband was dead, but you know the proverb 'The Lord will provide.'"

In a public school in this country, the teacher made a practice of prescribing "natural history compositions" to his pupils. He gave as subjects things with which they were familiar, and in this way sought to teach natural history and orthography simultaneously.

One day he asked a boy if he knew anything about ants. He professed knowledge, and was told to write an essay about them. Here is the result: "There are many kinds of Ants, my ant Mary Jane is one of those kinds. She is generally good natured. Ants like to give advice and send at you, but their heart is in the right place, and once I found a Ants nest in the woods. I poked it with a stick, and a thousand ants ran out and crawled up inside my pants and bit me. Ants nest are good things not to poke with a stick and are very industrious in stealing sugar. I forgot to say that my ant Martha lives in Maine."

The subject "Dreams" elicited the following: "Dreams are those queer short tales which come into your head when you are asleep. The girls have them as well as boys or men. They are not true. If you have a good supper, they are rather longer, and not quite so true. Meat or fried fish makes them very long. When you have no supper at all, you either do not dream, or else you can't remember them. We generally dream some dreams over and over again. I have two short dreams which I have had many times, but my brother has more which he can remember, and my mother has one nightmare, she says. My brother says he is always dreaming that the police is taking him to the station, and he never can wake till they are just marching him up the steps to the inside."

A "FLYER," INDEED.

THE FASTEST TRAIN IN AMERICA RUNS FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE SEA VIA THE READING'S ROYAL ROUTE.

That there is a streak of "sporting blood" in the veins of the most sedate among us is evidenced by the universal interest manifested in railway speeds, and the delight with which the average man hails each successive triumph of the locomotive over the combined elements of time and distance.

Now, however, comes a new claimant for high-speed honors. It has been discovered that the Reading Railroad's 3.30 P. M. train from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, known as the "Seventy-Minute Flyer," is actually the fastest regularly scheduled passenger train in the world. The distance from Chestnut Street wharf to the Camden terminus of the railroad is about a mile and a half, and the ferry-boat trip and transfer of the passengers from the boat to the cars occupies ten minutes. This leaves sixty minutes for the rail ride, and that is precisely the time allowed by the schedule to cover the fifty-five and a half miles which intervene between the Camden depot and the station in Atlantic City. A little figuring will show that this is a speed of sixty-five seconds to the mile, a rate of fifty-five and a half miles per hour, beating the former record six seconds per mile and almost five miles per hour.

It should be understood that this refers to the speed of regularly scheduled trains over the entire length of their scheduled runs, and not to mere phenomenal bursts of speed or stretches of fast running to make up for lost time or delays. The rate of fifty-five and a half miles per hour is exceeded every day on the Reading Railroad, and possibly on some other lines, but on no railroad in the world, so far as known, is there a train run from end to end of its route at so great an averaged speed as that of the "Seventy-Minute Flyer."

When the latter was established it was not with the purpose of breaking a record, but the officials were confident of their ability to run a train safely and promptly in the specified time, or less if required. It was determined, however, to limit the train to six cars in order to insure quickness. This was found to be impracticable, and for more than a week the train has been carrying eight cars, including one or more heavy Pullmans, and making schedule time on every trip.

President McLeod can now congratulate himself that his road holds the "world's record" for the fastest mile (39 4-5 seconds, as timed August 27, 1891, by President McLeod, Mr. William M. Singerly, and others), and also has upon its time table the fastest regular train in the world.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A rather odd notion, even for Paris, is the appearance of a few elegantly-dressed young ladies in the streets as walking advertisements. They must not be sandwiches; they are transcendentally above that. The splendid ball dresses they wear are an advertisement of the costumier, whose name is appended.

In Paris there is a cat whose future welfare has become quite a question of public interest. The animal belong to a Madame Dubral, recently deceased, and his mistress was so fond of him that she has left a sum of money in trust to the Mayor of the Third Arrondissement, in which she resided, for the use of the Scholastic Fund (Caisse des Ecoles) on condition that a certain amount should go towards pussy's maintenance. A trusty person is to be nominated by the Mayor who will undertake to house the lucky cat and give him three meals a day, consisting of such delicacies as lights, liver, and heart.

The King of Siam recently cut the first turf for the new railroad at Bangkok. The Minister of Public Works read a short address, to which the King replied, and then the King, taking an ivory-handled spade, thrust the spade into the turf, which he transferred to an ebony wheelbarrow. The Crown Prince trundled the wheelbarrow along a carpeted track about thirty yards in length, followed by the King, the royal family, and the assembled guests. The turf, when removed from the ebony wheelbarrow, was sprinkled with consecrated water from a golden ewer by four priests. The national anthem was played, and that ended the ceremony.

A number of years ago, says a local paper, a letter was dropped into the mail box, at Pittsfield, by a young lady. It was written to her lover, but never reached him, and, after some time, supposing she had wearied of him, or transferred her affections to another, he married. A few years ago, when the Pittsfield post-office was repaired and overhauled, the letter in question was found in a crevice back of a partition, and sent on by the officials to whom it was directed. Though he was not at liberty to resume his acquaintance with the one who, owing to this unusual accident was entirely lost to him, he felt it his duty to say to persons whom he has met from that vicinity, that he deeply grieves over the thought that the one to whom he intended to prove true has all these years supposed him false.

Twice in his experience has John R. Obermeyer, of Chicago, owed his life to the practice of carrying papers in his inside pocket. The first time was on a battle-field in the War of Rebellion. Then the muster roll of his company of the Eleventh Penna. Volunteers stopped a musket ball fired at random from the enemy's lines. The second time was on Monday, when a bullet from a 38 calibre revolver, fired only six feet distant, and aimed deliberately at his breast, failed to penetrate an envelope filled with bank bills and a passbook in his inside vest pocket. After this second event Mr. Obermeyer, it is said, looked coolly at the would-be assassin, and called him a coward and invited him to shoot a second time, but the latter stood for a moment irresolute, then, with his hand trembling, laid his revolver on the desk and surrendered to the police.

A minister of the gospel must be prepared to submit to all kinds of criticisms from the most incompetent persons. Committees may at any time appear to consider his case. Instances, of the competency of two men, both of wealth and influence, "leading men," to determine, may stir up ministers to greater diligence and zeal. One criticised the minister for saying, "When Adam was born," and remarked to a friend: "Any man who will say, 'When Adam was born,' instead of 'When Adam was created,' is unfit for his position. I call such a remark an egregrious blunder." A committee went to a distant city to hear a minister, and when they returned, in conversing with the person who had recommended the aforesaid minister to their notice, one of them said: "He preached a splendid sermon, and we were very much pleased with him. If he only had your physic we should certainly give him a call." Ministers will do well to take a hint, and with all their getting in the way of understanding, eloquence, tact and piety, let them get a good "physic."

Our Young Folks.

THE RASCAL RAVEN.

BY S. T. C.

TAME ravens have always been favorite birds with their owners, although their ways cannot be described as winning. It was fortunate for them that two great men did their best to make them famous, for the rest have lived in the light reflected from Dickens' "Grip" and Waterton's "Marco." They are liked for their friendliness, their quaint power of speech, their fondness for practical jokes dashed with a touch of malicious mischief; but they are feared also in some country districts as uncanny creatures, their jet-black dress helping this feeling of dread.

That the raven is cunning, and cruel too, is only what might be expected of a bird that delights in keeping all sorts of company; for evil communications will corrupt the manners even of the birds. They sometimes dislike their own young, and have been known to destroy them. Waterton's "Marco," in a sudden fit of fury, one day slew an old duck with which he had long been on the best terms, but when he bit his friend the coachman's thumb, the driver put an end to his outbursts of ill-temper for ever by strangling him. Two tame ravens, having discovered a bird-trap, laid their heads together to plan a method of getting at the prisoner—not for the purpose of releasing it, but in order to kill it. They soon achieved their object, for one bird held up the lid while the other seized the captive.

To the raven its beak is an invaluable tool. It will turn over an article with its beak for the purpose of inspection as cleverly as you would use your hand. With its beak it will untie knots, loosen the wire of its cage, pick your pocket, and carry off spoons to its hiding-place. The bird steals, however, from the love of mischief or the desire to collect property; so that its theft is rather a disease than a crime. It will conceal a tooth-brush with the utmost readiness and delight, although such an article is plainly of no use to it. Ravens are very close observers of the ways of men. It is notorious that they soon get to know a gun, and they are able to distinguish Sunday from week-days. In many districts they do a great deal of harm on Sunday, because they are aware that most folk are at church or chapel on that day.

Most animals are no match at all for the raven's cleverness. There was once a poor hare that allowed herself to be completely bamboozled. The raven pounced at the leveret—as the baby hare is called—but the mother drove the rascal away. But did the raven cease from troubling? Not a bit of it. He slowly retreated, encouraging the hare to follow him up, and pretending even that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led the unhappy mother to a considerable distance from her young ones, and then, all of a sudden—long before the hare had time to realize the danger of the trick—rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the leveret in his beak, and bore it away. A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot. But the wicked birds turned sharply round, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicer bits in triumph.

As to the raven's power of speech, the following story—which is given on the authority of Captain Brown, who vouches for its truth—will show how aptly it can talk.

A gentleman while traveling through a wood in the south of England was suddenly alarmed by hearing a shout of "Fair play, gentlemen! fair play!" utterly very earnestly in loud tones. The cry being repeated presently, the way-farer thought it must proceed from someone in distress, and at once began to search for him.

In due course he came upon a couple of ravens attacking a third in the most brutal manner. He was so struck with the oppressed bird's appeal that he rescued it without delay. It turned out that the bullies' victim was a tame raven belonging to a house in the neighborhood. Happily, it knew how to use the catch-words that it had so adroitly learned.

There are well-authenticated instances of real attachment between ravens and other animals. These birds seem to be especially fond of the society of dogs. One dog that had a misfortune to break a leg was visited daily by a raven—who fetched it bones and other tit-bits—until it grew well. Another raven was on the point of being drowned in a tub of water, into which it had accidentically fallen, when it was rescued by a dog, that dragged its kennel, to which it was chained, to the edge of the tub, and picked out the bird in the nick of time. Even afterwards the pair were quite inseparable. In another case a raven and dog went rabbit hunting together. The dog used to enter the cover where the rabbits lay hid, and the raven caught each rabbit as it came out, detaining it till the dog arrived.

Like many men and women, the raven has a high opinion of No. 1. This is shown in its curious habit of carrying on conversations with itself. After a dinner that it really enjoyed, the bird will fly to a tree-top. There it will give a loud self-satisfied caw, and it will then begin to talk and chuckle, as if it were thinking over the good things that it had been saying during the meal. By-and-by it will draw a cork, with which feat its talk will end.

It would thus seem that there are excellent points about the rascal raven, after all, in spite of its love of practical jokes, its uncertain temper, its thieving habits, and its occasional displays of cruelty. As the bird lives to a good old age, it may be hoped that he spends his riper years in encouraging the young raven to follow in his footsteps only when he has himself walked in wisdom's ways.

TOMMY AND THE GEESE.

BY G. L. F.

MASTER TOMMY was always saying—"What a goose you are!"

He would say it to his little sister if she did not do just as he wished her to do.

He would say it to the dog or the cat if he got angry with them. As for the parrot, he said it so many times to him, that the parrot got into the way of saying it as often as Master Tommy did; and everyone who came into the room was greeted with—

"What a goose you are!"

Letty and Tommy lived at a large old farm-house; and the room in which the parrot was kept had a window that looked out on the poultry yard; and it was very amusing to Poll to watch the turkeys, and the fowls, and the ducks and geese.

Sometimes she would imitate the voice of the man who fed the fowls, and would call to them, till all the birds collected under the window, hoping to be fed.

This gave great delight to Poll, who then began to send them away by her cries and her scolding at them.

Poll could imitate the duck's "quack, quack," and the hissing of the geese, so that the geese themselves thought one of their family was in the room, until Master Tommy got tired of hearing them, and then he would throw a cloth over Poll's cage, saying—

"Be quiet, you silly goose!"

Then he would go to the window, and having rolled a lot of paper into little hard balls, he pelted the birds with it, and frightened them away.

The geese sometimes got very angry; so did the turkeys; but Master Tommy laughed loudly and cried out—

"Oh, you stupid geese; there's no sense in any of you!"

Besides this, Master Tommy took every chance he could get of teasing the birds, and if he found any of the geese on the pool, he used to throw stones at them.

"They'll be turning upon you some time, Master Tommy," said one of the men. "You may be sorry for having teased them some day or other."

"No fear," said Master Tommy. "Who cares for a pack of geese?"

But one day Master Tommy found to his cost that what the farm man had said to him was true.

Master Tommy had put on his best suit, and his new hat, for was going to the fair at the next town.

He was walking down a narrow lane, when he espied a flock of geese by the side of the road.

"I'll have a shot at you," said Master Tommy, taking up a large stone, which he threw into the midst of the group, hitting one of them a blow, which made it fall down. At once the other geese flew upon Master Tommy: one went at his legs, another flew at his shoulder, and the others followed pecking him so fiercely, that he cried out for help. His hat fell off, and his coat was torn, and he ran towards home as fast as he could, pursued by the whole flock.

The farm people hearing his cries, came out to help him; and the old farm man said—

"I told you the geese would have their revenge, Master Tommy."

SOME HISTORICAL ANTIPATHIES.—"I like to see cats about; but if one rubs against my flesh it almost sends me into fits, and nothing could make me touch one voluntarily," remarked a young lady recently.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said one of her listeners; "I've no patience with such antipathies."

Many people take the same view of these peculiar dislikes, but history records some strange instances of pet aversions which seem to have a foundation in more than "stuff and nonsense."

The celebrated Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambroise Pare had a patient who could never see an eel without fainting; and another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

Joseph Scaliger and others could never drink milk. Cardane was disgusted at the sight of eggs. A king of Poland and a secretary of France bled at the nose when they looked at apples. Henry III. of France and many others had a great aversion to cats, mice, and spiders. A great huntsman in Hanover, who would valiantly attack a wild boar, always fainted away at the sight of a roast pig.

Amatus Lusitanus knew a person who fainted whenever he saw a rose, and always kept in his house when they were in bloom. Scaliger mentions a similar case in regard to lilies, and Bayle about honey. Bayle himself turned pale at seeing watercresses, and fainted at the sound of splashing water.

Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox, and Marshal d'Albret at the sight of a pig. A lady, wonderful enough, could not endure the feel of silk or satin. A man, not so strangely, was known to faint whenever he heard a servant sweeping. Nicanor swooned whenever he heard a bagpipe.

EDUCATION.—Education is not so much a positive and unmixed good in itself as a power capable of producing good. This is often overlooked by those who make the most strenuous and laudable efforts to raise the coming generation intellectually and socially. They see so clearly the need of mental development and the benefits which it is capable of producing that they very naturally conclude that, when they have secured it for the young beings who are to manage the world in a few years, they have done all that is needful to fit them for their important and responsible duties. The truth is that education, in the popular meaning of the word, gives strength, energy, capacity, and influence, but no direction. It puts a valuable tool into the hands, but does not always give the wisdom to use it. It enables the future man and woman to accomplish great results, but does not always ensure that they shall be good as well as great. It makes its fortunate possessor a larger, more powerful, and more important factor in the community, but whether for good or evil, it cannot determine.

DOMESTIC TACTICS.—Jinks: "Hullo, howdy, do, Blinks? Say, old fellow, come home and take tea with me."

Blinks: "Really, I am scarcely presentable in these—"

Jinks: "Bother the clothes! That's all right. Come along. My wife and I value people at their true worth, we don't go by their tailors' bills. Come on."

Jam Jinks, half an hour later: "Ah, here we are. My dear, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Blinks—Mrs. Jinks. By the way, my dear, those things you told me to order I forgot all about until too late to get into the shops."

Mrs. Jinks, aghast: "What! Forgot? I'm—um—er—it's of no consequence at all, my dear, not the least. Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Blinks. What delightful weather we are having. Excuse me one moment."

Jinks, in a whisper, after Mrs. J. has disappeared: "Worked like a charm."

Blinks: "What worked?"

Jinks: "She didn't dare say a word about my forgetting those things with company present. That's why I brought you."

TWO CLASSES.—Some people are exclusively devoted to their own improvement. If they seek society, it is for the benefits they hope to reap from it. If they read and study, it is for self-discipline. If they endeavour to do right, it is chiefly for their own honor or self-respect. Others are continually pouring themselves out upon their fellow-men, but taking little or nothing in. They communicate what they know, but add nothing to their store: they teach, but have ceased to learn; they are always ready with advice, but do not follow it themselves; they freely offer sympathy or help, but lack the wisdom to make it effective. Both these classes miss a successful life—miss even the part of it which they pursue. For, as the good of the individual and the good of society are indissolubly united and interdependent, so the faculties within us which lead to self-culture and those which lead to self-forgetful devotion to others must both be in full and harmonious exercise if either side is to advance.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago has a colored bicycle club.

The Illinois militia have a bicycle corps.

There are oak trees in existence 1000 years old.

Some Chinese razors are made of horseshoes.

In Mexican theatres they pay for each act separately.

Chicago now has automatic newspaper slot machines.

Of the 12 largest cities in the world three are in Japan.

Dancing is taught in some of the public schools in Scotland.

A joke caused a run on a bank at Evansville, Ind., recently.

The rapid growth of the finger nails is said to indicate good health.

A wild man is reported to be scaring negroes in Wilcox county, Ga.

Flower farming for the manufacture of perfume is being carried on in Australia.

An Elkhart, Ind., woman found a fragment of a needle in an egg a few days ago.

Belgium possesses only one war vessel, and consequently the smallest navy in the world.

There is a factory in Salonica which turns out 40,000 pairs of stockings and socks annually.

An Atlanta, Ga., lawyer dislocated his arm while making a gesture to emphasize his speech.

Thirty-one is, according to the returns, the average age at which professional men marry.

A field of wheat is reported to have floated down the Missouri river past Atchison, Kan., lately.

The latest fashion for the ladies' umbrella in Paris is a color that is an exact imitation of the skin.

The Chinese laborer has no Sunday, and to profess three religions at the same time is not deemed inconsistent.

The European armies now collectively number about ten million men, all in an advanced state of preparation for war.

Miss Nina Cromwell, of Detroit, is the owner of a Bible which is said to have been the property of Oliver Cromwell.

The heat was so intense in Spain several weeks ago that in Madrid birds dropped from the trees and died in the streets.

To melt brass in an ordinary fire, put it into a sand crucible with a little borax, placing the crucible well down in the fire.

A negro who lives near Morgantown, N. C., has a curiosity in the shape of a duckling which has four perfectly formed legs and feet.

A machine which writes down any music played on a pianoforte, with which it is connected, is said to be on exhibition in Germany.

Lawn tennis is played in China with coolies to do all the running. The same faithful vassals save their masters' legs when cricket is indulged in.

The shanks and feet of a buck being called umbles, were formerly made into a pie for servants. Hence the old saying of "You shall eat humble pie."

A quarter's free tuition in music is now offered by certain piano dealing firms in Liverpool to all purchasers of their pianos, organs, or harmoniums.

Some Bostonians, in order to keep children off the streets and amuse them in summer, have opened play rooms and gymnasiums in various parts of the city.

The Scotch in old times reckoned the value of a man in cows. A king was worth a thousand cows; a king's son or an earl 100. The lowest mentioned is 4 cows, and a little money as well.

The sharp crackling sound emitted as soon as coal and wood are ignited is due to the air or liquid contained in the pores expanding by heat and bursting the covering in which it is confined.

Another new shell has been invented which shatters the object at which it is aimed, and, continuing its course, sends twelve bullets forward and the same number backwards, finally exploding and discharging 144 bullets.

The American mails which are conveyed by the North German Lloyd steamers, are now sorted by a staff of clerks during the voyage across the Atlantic, so that they are ready for delivery upon arrival at the port of destination.

A novel mode of extinguishing a fire was recently put in use. It was a case of a chimney on fire, and one of the members of the family fetched his revolver, and standing below, fired up the chimney. Instantly the soot and fire dropped down, and the fire was extinguished.

SELF-RESTRAINT.

BY J. P.

Keep your troubles to yourself;
Put them on an upper shelf;
Far away as it may be,
Where no eye but God's can see.

Daily brooding o'er your grief
In no way affords relief,
But intensifies the smart,
Turns the arrow in the heart.

Think of others who have known
Greater sorrows than your own,
Keeping all their wounds concealed,
Heroes on life's battle-field!

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness,
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.

NOTABLE FEASTS.

Feasts are out of date in these prosaic times. Even the word survives only as a semi-humorous exaggeration for "eating." Fancy inviting all the householders of Philadelphia to dinner.

Our civilization is so thorough, as everybody knows, so much superior to any prevailing in former times, that the public peace would be gravely imperiled. But Crassus could venture to entertain all the electors of old Rome. He set ten thousand tables, twenty guests to each, and provided them with "all the delicacies of the season."

But Julius Cæsar beat him hollow. He provided 22,000 tables, accommodating 150,000 hungry citizens; offering them, besides, when refreshed, a little show for the afternoon, when 400 gladiators were killed in a sea fight, the amphitheatre being flooded for the purpose.

But the feast of Alexander, when he returned from his Indian campaign, throws both into the shade. Perhaps, as the historian suggests, he wished to rival the legendary triumph of Bacchus under like circumstances.

Anyhow, upon regaining the frontier of Persia with his soldiers, he mounted them on chariots, hung with purple tapestry or cloth, shaded by palm boughs, their arms hanging all round. His own equipage, drawn by eight horses, carried a lofty platform, with all the most glorious spoils of Asia in the way of plate exposed; and there for seven days the King and his chief officers ate and drank without ceasing.

Country people strewed the road with flowers. At every house or hut stood barrels of wine on tap, and cups. Every musician in the empire received orders to attend the march. We can believe that the "welkin rang." All the dancers, too, and actors and showmen, male and female, rendezvoused at different points, thus relieving one another.

For seven days and nights the fun was kept up, and during that time, as we are expressly assured, not a human being on the line of route enjoyed one moment's sobriety. Well may Arrian ask indignantly—Could not a hundred patriots be found in all that vast empire to exterminate the drunken conquerors at a blow?

If a modern army "carried on" like this for a whole week, not the hospitals only but the graveyards would be full as it passed by. They had stronger heads of old.

We chance to know tolerably well how much liquor would kill a Macedonian of the antique race. After the famous scene where a gymnosophist burnt himself alive, preferring that dignified euthanasia to the agonies of the stomach ache, Alexander was very merry, and no wonder. He offered a crown, worth $1,100, to the hero who could put away most drink before morning. A certain Promachus won, polishing off fourteen imperial quarts. But he died in three days, and so did forty-one of the unsuccessful competitors.

Is there any record of a mortal who drank more than half this amount in Christian days? But the wines of Greece are not less strong than those of Madeira or Portugal.

To find an example of later date which matches those wondrous banquets of antiquity, we must go to Russia. "After the election of Boris Federitz," says Margeret, an eye witness, "he gave a feast to his army daily for the space of six weeks, to 10,000 men each time, all of whom were served in vessels of silver." There is not the least cause to doubt this statement.

Upon the hecatombs of cattle slaughtered for mediæval feasts, the flocks of birds, the conduits running wine and so forth, it is not worth while to dwell—are they not written in every primer dealing with that epoch?

More interesting is the solemn banquet given by Louis IX. at Saumur to those barons and gentlemen who had assumed the Cross with him—long remembered as to the most perfect or finished entertainment of the age.

It was held in the Great Hall built by Henry II. for festivities, "after the style of a cloister of the White Friars," says Joinville, "though I think there is not one so large by a great deal."

The King wore a cotte—the visible under garment—of blue satin, an upper robe of scarlet satin, and a mantle of the same, trimmed with ermine—the word we translate "satin" is samit. On his head he wore a cotton cap; thought very unbecoming, because he was a young man at the time. His brother, the Comte d'Artois, served him at table, and the "good Comte de Soissons" carved.

Guarding the Royal banqueter stood Messeigneurs Imber de Beaujeu, afterwards Constable of France, Enguerrand de Coucy, and Archambaud de Bourbon—names of romance.

To protect these mighty personages, thirty knights in silk stood ranged, and behind these again a vast number of sergeants, having the arms of the Comte de Poitiers appliqué on tabletas. Opposite sat the King of Navarre, finely dressed in satin, with a baldric, brooch, and hat of gold; Joinville himself carved for this sovereign. Twenty bishops and archbishops feasted below the Royal table; on the other side, the Queen-mother Blanche, served by the Comte de Boulogne, afterwards the King of Portugal, the good Comte de St. Paul, and a German youth eighteen years old, who was supposed to be the son of Saint Elizabeth. At the far end of the cloister were the kitchens, wine and bread closets, serving rooms. Outside, in all the wings, and on the central lawn—open, of course—feasted such a throng of knights that Joinville cannot guess the number. A striking picture if we think of it; not least curious for the great assembly of guards, all protecting one another.

Grains of Gold.

Every man who will tell a lie will live one.

A sure way to punish yourself is to hate other people.

The blindest men are the ones who think they have no faults.

Butterflies make a great show, but they don't make any honey.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at the cloudy weather.

The reason some men remain honest is because they are watched too close.

If we had no suffering in this life nobody could understand what love means.

The man who lives to help other people will soon have other people living to help him.

One of the things for which we find the most fault with people, is for not agreeing with us.

Seeking and blundering are so far good that it is by seeking and blundering that we learn.

There are two sides to every question, but a bullhead man will always believe that he is right.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitude of fortune may place under it.

When ever you cannot see anything good in other people, you can make up your mind you need a revival in your own heart.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria's household numbers one thousand persons.

Key West, Fla., has a great-grandmother who is not yet 40 years old.

A young man, aged 21 years, married his aunt, who was 45 years old, at Dayton, Ohio, recently.

After a woman passes a certain age she would just as soon get married on Friday as on any other day.

The Queen of Saxony maintains three physicians, whose sole duty it is to attend the ailments of the suffering poor.

Of the 11,000,000 women in Italy, about 2,000,000 are employed in industrial labor and over 3,000,000 in agriculture.

Mrs. Lucy Jerrell, of Edinburg, Ind., is 80 years old. She has just finished a quilt which contains 5998 pieces of cloth.

If a photographer is skilled he makes the picture flatter the feminine sitter; if he is discreet he assures her that he has not done so.

One of the peculiar customs of the East India coolies called Lascars is the putting of a ring on the great toe when they marry.

A girl of 16 walks as if she owned the earth, and after she's been married a few months she walks as if she were carrying it on her shoulders.

The pretty idea of the home is to decorate looking-glass frames with roses. The pretty idea costs a great deal of money, for roses are a luxury.

Mr. Spooney, slipping ring on her finger: "Does it please you?" Miss Dash: "Yes, indeed. I'm never so happy as when I have a new engagement ring."

An Iowa farmer says, "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't also raise insects enough to eat 'em all up."

The "sunshine and rain pin" is the name of a new pin of French design, in which a plain gold cane, for ordinary wear, in wet weather gives places to an umbrella, also in plain gold.

Queen Lilinokalani, of the Sandwich Islands, is an earnest patron of temperance reform. She pays the license fee for a coffee house opened in her capital city by the Women's Temperance Union.

"Oh, Mabel, tell me the truth, now; if you were in my place would you accept him?" "Certainly! If I had been in your place I should have accepted him myself the other night when he proposed to me."

A new pursuit has been suggested for women which is worthy of attention. It consists in the task of going from house to house and dusting and watering the drawing-room flowers and plants, which are too often neglected.

A railway engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

The attorney: "The jury have returned you not guilty; why don't you go?" Defendant, accused of stealing a pair of pantaloons: "Have all them witnesses gone?" Attorney: "Yes, but what's that to you?" Defendant, in a confidential whisper: "Cos I've got those very pants on."

The buttons on some gowns are worth a king's ransom. On one just made for the Duchess of St. Albans are fastened a set of family buttons, made out of cats' eyes and diamonds, set in gold. The costliness of such buttons may be understood when we remember that a single cat's-eye, lately found in Ceylon, was valued at £3,000.

"Charlie," she said, softly, "I often think what a noble thing it is to have a sphere and fill it as you ought." "Have you?" returned Charlie, after some study. "Yes; and I have often wondered what my particular work in life is." "Indeed," replied Charlie, after some hesitation. "Charlie, tell me, do you think I am fitted to make a home happy?" "I duono," said he, absently. "Can you cook?"

The jelly palace which the women of California will prepare for the World's Fair exhibit will be 15 by 20 feet and 25 feet high, with two open doors approached by three marble steps. The framework will be of wire. On this will be firmly placed several thousand jelly glasses—cups, globes, prisms, etc.,—filled with jelly of many shades of color, arranged in artistic and beautiful designs. The interior will be brilliantly illuminated by electricity. The cost of the framework and glass alone is estimated at $2700.

A book-agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard-earned accumulations of a life of industrious effrontery, says that the great secret of his success was, when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself, he always, however old she might be, commenced business by saying, "'I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see.' That always used to get 'em," he asserts. "They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers."

Masculinities.

If groaning could heal broken bones nobody would be lame.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

A button on your shirt is worth two down the back of your neck.

Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake; it only makes the breath strong.

Whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more.

It is not only important that one should be on the right road, but that he is not headed the wrong way.

"What a flat that De Scrunchem looks." "Oh, but think of his 250-pound wife!—and they say she sits on him."

A Middletown, Del., man shipped recently to New York 1000 bushels of corncobs, to be used in the manufacture of pipes.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than actual brilliancy.

Men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.

"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Professor: "All but two—my wife's and her mother's."

"I was kicked by a horse when I was little and knocked senseless," said Chappie. "How soon do you expect to recover?" asked the cynical Maude.

You will find the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

An optimist is a man who thinks himself as good as he can possibly be; and a pessimist is a man who thinks his neighbors are as bad as they can possibly be.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it. A married man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't "get onto it."

California, Mo., young ladies have organized a cooking club, and the young men, in retaliation, have established an eating club. Reciprocity has been determined on.

Baron: "Then the obstreperous beggar whom you turned out of doors was coarse and abusive?" Valet: "Abusive, my lord? He might have been your lordship himself!"

A church in a country village lately circulated a paper among the congregation asking for contributions "for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

Mrs. Bingley: "How is your daughter getting along with her music teacher?" Mrs. Pinkerly: "Splendidly. She has only known him three weeks and he has already proposed three times."

Mrs. Boggs: "Yes, I am a widow for the second time in my life." Miss Jagg: "And will you marry again?" Mrs. Boggs: "Well, I am considering whether it would be wise for me to be so foolish."

"I love you," said a smitten youth to a Summer girl; "shall we consider ourselves engaged?" "Yes; from 3 this afternoon until 9 next Saturday. That's the only time I have open so late in the season."

A Burmah mile is about equal in length to two of our miles. The word for mile in Burmese means to sit, and a mile is the distance that a man goes before he considers it necessary to sit down.

As many as 170 of the Peers in the English House of Lords have been created during the present reign, and owe their fortune to no accident of birth, but to their distinction in the law, the army, or politics.

He was a buyer in a large wholesale house and he was in love. One night he snatched a kiss. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am so well pleased with this sample that I should like to negotiate for all you have." He was accepted on the spot.

Chromatopseudopsis is the medical term for color blindness, and statistics show that men are much more chromatopseudoptically inclined than women. A man invariably succumbs to hopeless chromatopseudoptitude when he tries to match a ribbon.

A negro living near Chokee, Ga., is the owner of a hound which, he says, attends all the religious meetings of the negroes, stands up and tries to follow them in the singing, and regularly goes up to the altar to be prayed for with the rest of the mourners.

A new fashion is parties at which the guests are expected to appear in the costumes of a play, selected by the hostess, and ratified in the card of invitation. Others choose a popular book, and no one is admitted who has not "fixed up" in accordance with the text.

Spriggs, who is bald: "What makes your whiskers so thin on the right side of your face?" Figgs: "Oh, that comes from always sleeping on my right side. That rubs away the hair." Bliggs: "If that's the rule, then I suppose Spriggs must sleep whilst standing on his head."

Those Odious Mellicks.

BY J. S. L.

THERE were three of them—tall, handsome, loud-voiced girls—who by right of their position as the daughters of a highly respectable country solicitor, went everywhere, and so contrived to be thorns in the sides of many of their neighbors.

"There was so much of them," as the Squire's wife plaintively sighed when she saw her own daughters crowded out by these three sisters. "They were so noisy," as the young rector's nervous mother complained, with her hands pressed to her ears. "So awfully pushing," as old Lady Jarvis said, when she had grudgingly invited the elder to one of her "small and earlies," and the whole three came on the strength of it. "And the worst of it is," added the doctor's wife, half-cross, half-laughing, "they are so invincibly good-humored that they never understand hints or take offence at plain speaking. Here they are, and one has to put up with them."

Irena Murston, the young mistress of the Manor, never joined in these strictures. Quiet, plodding Mr. Mellick had been her father's trusted friend and adviser for many years, and for his sake she endured with his daughters, though there were times when she had found it rather difficult to do so. They would so persistently take her for their model. She could not develop a taste that they did not develop a similar one directly. When a friend persuaded Miss Murston to learn the guitar as an accompaniment to her own songs, the three sisters promptly blossomed into banjoists, thrumming their instruments till everyone who could would fly the incessant "pinka-punka," and those unmelodious ballads ending in music-hall choruses, which some mischievous person had beguiled them into learning.

When it leaked out that during the illness of the dairymaid at the Manor, Miss Murston had skimmed the cream and made up the butter, the Misses Mellick instantly followed suit. As their father's one cow was pastured in a meadow at the other end of the village, they might be met frequently in Dolly Varden costumes, one carrying a milking-pail, another a stool, and the third loaded with luncheon-baskets, parasols, &c. And when Miss Murston took a class at the village school, the school-mistress would have had three more amateur assistants, on the following day, but for her very decided refusal of the Misses Mellicks' services.

Perhaps this hasty adoption of Irena's simplest actions was not really so intolerable as their attempts to copy her in other things. If Irena clothed her small fairy-like figure in Greek draperies of the palest terra-cotta, the Misses Mellick stalked up and down the village in a brick-red caricature of the same. When she chose a delicate heliotrope as her color, the following Sunday saw three heads covered with bright mauve poppies, nodding and quivering in the Mellick's pew. No matter what shapes Irena selected for her summer hats or her winter bonnets, the sisters tortured theirs into something that might have been tolerably similar if they could have resisted an extra feather here, a bow or a pompon there, and so on ad libitum.

With the same inordinate love of ornament, they marred their copies of the young lady's Parisian robes by additional chiffon or passementerie on the bodices, and as much gold or silver braid on their skirts as the dressmaker could find room for, persisting in this sort of thing till Miss Murston felt that it made her ridiculous as well as themselves.

As usual, in country towns, amusements were few, and the coming of the annual rose show was always regarded as an event of important. Ever since Irena Murston succeeded to her uncle's estates, she had permitted it to be held in the very lovely and spacious gardens surrounding the Manor house.

This season a military band, and dancing on the lawn, were to be amongst the attractions; and having been assured that her absence would be regretted, Irena hastened home from San Remo, where she had passed the spring on account of the distant relative who acted as her chaperon.

What to wear on this important occasion was the question of the day at Hayesley.

"We shall not decide on our costumes," Maria Mellick declared, importantly, "till we have seen what dearest Irena has picked up in Paris. You know she likes us to copy her style. Poor little soul, she is too tiny to look much herself, but she always says we have such excellent taste, and is so pleased when we wear her colors."

"Do you think so?" incredulously queried the friend to whom this was addressed.

"I am sure of it! She is so very fond of us. And there comes the Manor carriage! It is stopping at the draper's. I thought it would. I must run and hear what dear Irena proposes buying."

Away went the young lady, as soon as she could don her hat and jacket, to find Miss Murston seated at the draper's counter, wavering between the respective charms of rose-pink and azure-blue.

The Misses Mellick were not wont to address the lady of the Manor as familiarly as they spoke of her, and Maria was repelled, in spite of her self-assurance, by the haughty stare through her pincenez, bestowed upon her by Mrs. St. Aubyn, and the cool nod with which alone "dearest Irena" acknowledged her presence.

But she contrived to occupy herself over a box of soiled gloves till a decision was arrived at, and some eighteen or twenty yards of the rose pink cut off and put in the carriage. As soon as that rolled away from the door, Maria Mellick bore off the rest of the piece triumphantly, and the services of the dressmaker were called in. Mr. Mellick grumbled a little when he came in evening after evening to find his wife and daughters surrounded with all the paraphernalia of dressmaking.

"You really must get some of this rubbish cleared away before to-morrow night," he told them at last, "for I have a guest coming."

"Young? Handsome? Single?" asked the three sisters in the same shrill accents.

"Oh, papa, why didn't you give us more notice?" cried his wife, a quiet, commonplace woman, who had long since yielded to the rule of her off-spring, and learned to regard their judgment as infallible.

"I did not know it myself till this morning. Mr. Chilham is in treaty for the Elms estate, and is coming to Hayesley on business connected with the purchase. He will stay two or three days, so I have asked him to come here instead of going to that miserable hotel."

"And he consents? Oh, papa, don't—now, pray, don't invite half a dozen old fogies to meet him at dinner, but let us have him all to ourselves for one, just one evening."

"Yes, do, John," nodded their mother. "It's time our girls thought of getting husbands, and if a chance should come in their way we ought not to let them miss it."

Mr. Mellick gave a shrug.

"I hope, Sarah, they will all prove as good wives as their mother has been; but don't encourage them to look too high. Mr. Chilham is—well, he is——"

"He can't be a better man than you are, pa!" cried Elvira Mellick, impetuously, "so just you leave him to us. He must be hard to please if one or the other doesn't suit him. We're the tallest and best looking girls in Hayesley; can anyone contradict that?"

Their father made no attempt to do so; they were certainly an overpowering trio when they bore down upon their guest, and set themselves earnestly and heartily to the task of fascinating him.

Darcy Chilham could not but feel very much amused with his new acquaintances, and he would have been the most ungrateful of his sex if he had not appreciated in some degree their efforts to entertain him.

After dinner, Mr. Mellick made business his excuse for retreating to his study; and Mrs. Mellick, according to custom, slept and snored. Darcy Chilham would have slipped away for an hour to enjoy a cigar and a stroll down the High Street, but he was kept too close a prisoner. Who shall say how many songs were screamed to their banjos? How many marches and fantasias for four hands were strummed on the piano for his delectation?

Then Elvira would not be denied the pleasure of telling him his fortune. Cornelia insisted on teaching him to play bezique; and Maria, who had been told that she had very expressive eyes, kept them fixed upon him so persistently, that once he threw himself back in his chair, and laughed till he had to apologize for it.

Before parting for the night, all sorts of schemes were mooted for Mr. Chilham's amusement. He was young, pleasant to look at, rich, and he was their guest; they had secured him, and they must not let him be wiled from them too quickly, if at all.

They would take him to all the show places in the neighborhood, and have a delightful day on the river; besides, they would go and eat strawberries at Salisbmere farm, and get up a picnic at the Abbey ruins, just mamma and themselves; a cosy, family party—it would be too—too jolly, delightful!

It was rather a pity that these pleasant excursions must be deferred till after the rose show, but that ready fixed for the morrow, and, of course, Mr. Chilham would accompany them to it, and it would give them an opportunity of introducing him to some of their neighbors.

Then Marie ran over the names of a few of these good souls, talking carelessly of Lady Jarvis as a "dear eccentric old darling." If she could but have heard herself so styled!

The Squire's stately sisters were just mentioned in the patronizing tones of girls who considered them too near the verge of old maidism to be regarded as rivals; and, lastly, the lady of the Manor house was alluded to as "that dear little pet of ours," as if she were a shy child with whom they were on terms of the most affectionate intimacy.

"I believe we have made a sensation," Maria told her sisters, when they were brushing their hair, "although Mr. Chilham hasn't seen us at our best. In those pink gowns we shall be living roses. In spite of her money, Irena will be nowhere."

"But Mr. Chilham cannot marry all of us," she was reminded.

"He can marry me," said Maria, gaily, "and I can find husbands for my sisters. People try to snub us now, but they'll alter their tone when I am Mrs. Darcy Chilham. When I am presented at Court there shall be a paragraph in our local paper half a column long."

* * * * * *

It was a glowing sight on the morrow when Mr. Mellick's tall daughters, in rose-pink gauze, and their mothers in grass-green velvet, sailed along the terrace at the Manor house looking for the corresponding spot of color that was to mark the position of Miss Murston.

Mr. Chilman may be forgiven for dropping into the background and declining to see the becks and nods Maria cast at him over her shoulder.

But presently Irena disengaged herself from the friends she had been receiving, and came towards them in all the lily whiteness of embroidered muslin, and a marvellous creation of lace and ostrich plumes lightly shading her delicate features.

She had spoken to Mrs. Mellick with her usual courtesy, when her eyes fell upon the gentleman who now sauntered up. A blush as well as a smile greeted him.

"Darcy! Ah, when did you arrive?"

"Last night," he replied. "I have been enjoying Mr. Mellick's hospitality. Where is your aunt? Let us go and find her."

He drew her hand through his arm, and they walked away together, oblivious of the dismayed faces they left behind them.

"Why, he know her?" gasped Maria.

"Of course he did!" answered Lady Jarvis, who was within hearing, and delighted to be able to administer a snub; "my nephew, Mr. Chilham, is engaged to Miss Murston; that is why he is buying property in this neighborhood. It is no secret, so you can go and congratulate the bride-elect as soon as she is at liberty to listen to you."

But Maria preferred to retreat with her sisters to a refreshment tent close by, avoiding that, however, as soon as she discovered that its pink draperies matched her own, and whenever she chanced to see Irena smiling at some remark made by her love, she found herself wondering whether he were repeating either of those very incautious remarks she had made on the preceding evening, when she had meditated making him all her own.

Mr. and Mrs. Chilham have now been wedded some years, but no half column in the local newspaper has announced Maria's debut at Court. She still resides at Hasseley with her sisters, and the trio are still, not infrequently, designated by vexed neighbors as "those odious Mellicks!"

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RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

The French have many excellent authors but high up among the very best stands Henri Greville. Her latest and perhaps best work, "The Heiress," has just been finely translated into English by Emma C. Hewitt and Julien Colmar. The story is a splendid picture of French life with an absorbing plot. Published, grandly illustrated, by the Worthington Co., New York.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BREAD AND BAKING.—In Brittany, when a housewife begins to knead dough she makes a cross with her right hand, the left being placed in the trough. If a cat enters the room it is believed the bread would not rise. It is supposed that certain women can cause the dough to multiply itself. On the coast of the channel the dough is adjured to imitate the leaven, the miller and the baker and to rise. The oven is a sacred object and connected with crowds of superstitions. The oven is dedicated, with ceremonies; in certain places of Brittany the wood is watered with blessed water. Bread must not be cooked on certain days, as on Holy Friday (in Brittany), or during the night of All Saints', when the ghosts would eat it. There is a usage, general in France, that bread before being cut must be marked with the sign of the cross. The neglect of so marking the bread is supposed to involve misfortune. In Lille, to step on bread is a blame-worthy act. It is a common superstition that the fall of a piece of bread on the buttered side is fatal to luck.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—One of the simplest disinfectants of a sick room is ground coffee burnt on a shovel so as to fill the atmosphere of the room with its pungent, aromatic odor. If two red-hot coals are placed on a fire shovel and a teaspoonful at a time of ground coffee is sprinkled over them, using three teaspoonfuls in all, it will fill the room with its aroma, and is said to have the hygienic effect of preventing the spread of various epidemic diseases. The odor is very agreeable and soothing to a sick person, where other disinfectants prove disagreeable.

ELECTRICITY.—Electricity as an aid to gun making is, it is said, in successful use at the gun factory of St. Etienne. The particular use to which it is there put is in the tempering of springs. These consist of steel wire wound spirally, and a current of 23 amperes at 46 volts is passed through. Rapid heating results, and when the required temperature is reached the current is broken and the spring falls into a trough of water. One workman can temper 2400 springs per day by this method.

THE new science for drawing-room philosophers, is telling the character by the touch; formerly they only got as far as telling thoughts by touch, finding pins, needles, thimbles, and so on. A professor assured his admiring listeners the other evening that touch had enabled him to discover that negroes, musicians, and women were most proficient in the art of concealing their thoughts, while mathematicians and scientific men were as easily read as an open book.

A REFORM of young ladies' handwriting is proposed by a "matron," who is indignant at the want of grace which is shown in the caligraphy of the rising generation. She calls it "bold, coarse, and vulgar," and compares the writing with the pretty Italian style that was the fashion a few years ago. The young ladies have themselves altered, perhaps, as handwriting, according to the modern notion, is a sure test of character.

A PECULIAR DISEASE.—When a horse is brought into the high altitudes of the Andes the blood starts from his mouth, ears, and nose, and men are often affected in the same way. The disease is known as "sirroche," and sometimes is fatal. The natives, having been born and bred at this great elevation, are no more affected by the rarity of the atmosphere than the negroes of the Brazilian swamps are by the heat.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

"BUT are you sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?" "Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated men—and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you, dear?"

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

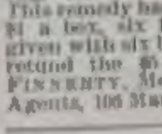
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching, Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURG & Co., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.



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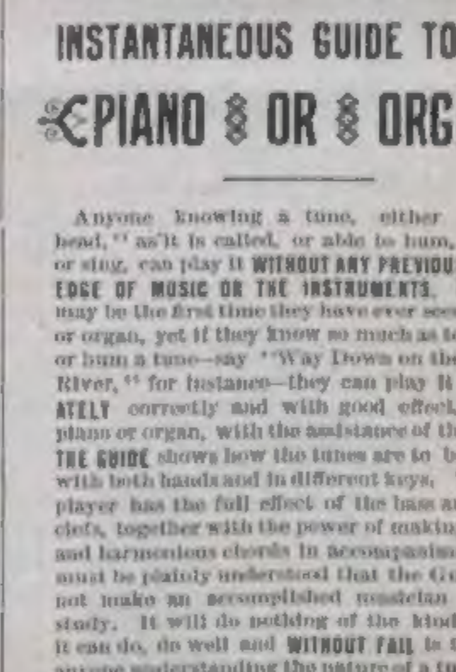

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, wherein seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without **EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY.** A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as **BOUND TO DO** for them **ALL WE SAY.**

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3200, New York City, N. Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

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Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and best substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

EACH THINKS HE IS O. K.

Mine is a roving, wild, free life,
A merry life and gay,
With scarcely cash enough at hand
My honest way to pay.
And as I roam from place to place,
Where Fancy bids me stray,
I many curiously meet,
And each thinks he's O. K.

For instance, Rev. Mr. Wood
Thinks Rev. Stone a fool;
While he, in turn, calls Rev. Wool
A rogue of oldest school.
Each thinks his church to heaven the road—
The only and sure way.—
What matter, friend, if you and I
Should think them both astray?

Then there is Mrs. Uno, too,
In laces and perfume;
The powder on her face, I know,
Would paint a smoke-house room.
She reads the latest scandal news
And retails every line,
And tells us of her neighbors's sins,
While she is just divine.

The churchman and the sinner, too,
The railroader and scribe,
Each thinks himself perfection's best,—
They do, as I'm alive!
And there's the little schoolma'am, too,
So saucy, blithe and gay;
And you, and I, and all our friends,
Just know we are O. K.

—DELIA MCSWIGGAN.

Both Could Judge of It.

Barber: "This is the best shaving soap I've ever used."

Customer: "Well, it doesn't taste any better than that you had last week."

"I hear you have an addition to your family, Mr. Brown?" "Multiplication, dear madam—twins."

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse on a race-course?—Because you will always find a better there.

"She married young Frothingham, didn't she? A very easy-going fellow, I understand." "Very. He left her three months after the wedding."

Servant, at one o'clock in the morning: "Get up, professor! Get up, quickly! There's burglars in the house!" Professor, sleepily: "Tell them I'm not at home."

"And she said that I was no lady." "The idea. And what did you do?" "I just slapped her face and scratched her eyes most out."

"Love is blind," which is why he always seeks the seclusion of the darkest corner of the piazza in preference to the painful light of the front parlor on warm evenings in the country.

He had struck a match on his boot heel, and his wife remarked: "You are as spry as a cat, aren't you?" "Do you think so?" he returned, in a pleased tone. "Yes. You light on your feet, you know."

Friend: "You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?" Business man, wearily: "Great success. He's teaching me now."

He: "Getting married seems to be very dangerous now. No fewer than seven brides have been instantly killed on their wedding-day this year." She, ingenuously: "But no true woman will shirk her duty, Tom, through a craven fear of death."

Bobby, to young Mr. Fatboy: "I heard my sister Clara say something lovely to me about you, Mr. Fatboy." Young Mr. Fatboy, anxiously: "No, did you, Bobby? What was it?" Bobby: "She said you would be lovely to sit on the family Bible and press autumn leaves."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The glory of summer in fashion has departed. Already the summer gowns begin to look as if the heat had affected them, and now is the time that the wise maid and matron should bring forth the airy trifles that look so fresh and pretty that they distract the attention from the gown to themselves, and the masculine eye delights to look upon the delicate and dainty things and wonder how it is that it was given to womankind to look so cool in such sweltering weather.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

These vest fronts and falls of lace and crape are pretty in themselves and lovely on a woman over a somber or faded dress. The top one is of mull shirred to fasten at the belt and puffed around the neck on a foundation of lace. A half yard of black lace of any kind that is twelve to fifteen inches deep makes the full.

Those on the right and left need little description. They are made of silk mull or crepe de chine, as preferred, and bordered with lace. A bow of ribbon makes them a little more dressy. Other vests can be made entirely of crape, mull, of thin China silk. The collar laid in bias plaits or gathered in puffs, and a jabot, knife plaited, or bias and gathered full, can be sewn along the center of the front. Bows of ribbon to fasten at the throat, with a jabot of lace, are also pretty and are frequently seen.

The corset waist is a great favorite with young persons, and a novel and very dainty manner of making one is to have the foundation of some rich colored or iridescent silk, and sew outside of this a complete covering of point de gene lace, and a frill of the same around the bottom is an addition. Shoulder straps are made of silk or of velvet.

The two sleeves show manners in which one can make an old style sleeve fashionable with very little trouble. Lace is even prettier and more graceful than the dress material, no matter what it is. The sleeve with the narrow feather trimming gives a Russian effect by being open on the upper part.

The hats and bonnets are prettier than ever, it seems to me, and there is scarcely one into which lace does not enter as a component part. Lace has a softening effect that nothing else has, and when it is double twisted, as now, with the loveliest flowers that grow and the prettiest straw that was ever braided it becomes a thing of beauty, though a joy only until the next season.

One pretty hat for a young lady is in the toreador style, with an upright row of gold and black lace, with a bow of golden brown ribbon sustaining a couple of stiff tulips. Other have one single American Beauty rose, with long, stiff stem, and no buds and little foliage. Chrysanthemums or orchids are seen on others—large single flowers.

Another dainty hat becoming to any one is of bent straw, with a full ruffle of point de Zone lace, and apple green bows uphold a bunch of lilacs. A pancake lace straw is lined with black lace which extends beyond the edge of the straw. In front is a butterfly bow of black lace and at the back a bow of lace and a bunch of blue gentians. Streamers of blank ribbon.

Another pancake was black lace over straw, with a bow lying flat upon the edge of the ribbon and with an upright bow of black ribbon, lace and golden wheat ears. These hats are all for the most dressy occasions for young ladies.

Corded materials are well worn; mouse and putty colored corduroy is employed very much for coats and Watteau-pleated mantles, also for dresses and waistcoats. A thin, very close-lined corded fabric is pretty made up, having quite the effect of Terry velvet. A good color in this is rose de chine on black; the narrow stripes set quite close together. The cornet-shaped skirt of such a dress would have a ruche of black and rose de chine silk, the skirt fastened over the bodice, which should be made with a vest and Directoire revers of rose de chine silk. Another is in black lines on a yellow ground, and is made up much in the same way.

Trailing dresses are, happily, going out as rapidly as they came in. Awkward and inconvenient fashion it certainly is, and now that every shop girl and servant lass trails her garments behind her it is not surprising that the veto has gone forth as to the continuance of the mode, which has really nothing to recommend it for day wear.

It is curious to find that the vulgarizing of a fashion is more effective than common-sense. In the evening trains will always be more or less worn, for to an evening costume they undoubtedly add dignity and grace, though it is not given to every woman to manage her train with ease.

In Paris the Watteau knot at the back of evening dress is much worn, sometimes of the same colored ribbon as the dress, or else of a contrasting hue. A blue Bengaline had a large knot of pale pink ribbon in the centre of the back of the low bodice; the ribbons were crossed under the arms, going round the waist, being crossed again at the back, and finished off with a bow and long ends.

Low bodies are cut really low, off the shoulders in many cases, and have the old-fashioned berthes of lace, or some thin material; the waists having very small points, which are expressed by either velvet or ribbon bands and sashes of a different color to the dress.

Pearl trimming is again much used; some of the embroideries are very handsome. The front of a pearl grey satin gown is covered with a floral design in pearls, the bodice being embroidered in similar style; the puffed sleeves and train are of pearl-grey velvet, lined with yellow satin of a pale shade, with harmonises beautifully with the pearl-trimmed petticoat and bodice.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING ABOUT HOME MATTERS.

The bites and stings of insects may be at once relieved and inflammation prevented if the parts are touched with strong liquid ammonia. A wise plan for those who indulge in country rambles or who play tennis is to carry a tiny bottle filled with ammonia, with a small camel's hair brush fitted in the cork, when it may be used immediately after the attack.

"I wash my ribbon ruches," said a young woman, "by just dipping them in ammonia and water. They must not be squeezed or wrung out, but dipped and smoothed until clean, then rinsed and dried. And I recurl the ravelled ruches with my curling tongs as if they were hair. And I pin my faith, to cleanse woolen fabrics, to soap bark. A 5 cent box of that will bring a woolen gown out with the freshness of the loom upon it. Steep the bark in a pint of water and add to it a gallon of clear warm water. A bath in this does not seem to injure the most delicate fabric."

Mutton is more nutritious and digestible than beef, although some physicians hold that broth made from beef is more nutritive than that from mutton.

Fish should always be carefully inspected before being sent home. They are not fresh unless the eyes are well formed and not sunken into the head; the gills should be soft and yielding. A stale fish is not only unwholesome, but is really harmful.

For colds, an old-time remedy with a ridiculous name is a stewed Quaker molasses posset. It is a very soothing and pleasant drink, made as follows: Let simmer slowly for a half hour one-half pint of best molasses, one dram of powdered white ginger and a lump of butter. This should be stirred frequently and should not come to a boil. After removing it from the stove stir in it the juice of two lemons or an ounce of good vinegar, cover and let it stand five minutes. It may be used hot or cold, but must not in the latter case be kept in tin.

Cold meat heated up with a little curry is far more nourishing than cold meat.

Iced tea, a favorite beverage of midsummer, is a drink of doubtful value at the dinner table. Hot tea heats the stomach and prepares it for its work, while cold tea retards digestion, like ice water taken during a meal, by chilling the stomach.

Rhubarb Jelly.—To make rhubarb jelly, wipe the stalks and cut them in inch lengths. Do not peel them. Weigh them. Put them in a porcelain kettle and to every pound of rhubarb add a gill of water. Stew the stalks until they are thoroughly cooked. Then strain the juice that covers them through a thick cloth. Measure it, and to every pint of juice add a pound of sugar. Put the sugar and juice in a porcelain kettle, and let them boil for twenty minutes, or until a jelly, is formed. Put away in tumblers or bowls like any other jelly. It will be much richer in color and flavor if the stalks are not peeled.

Strawberry Sauce.—Beat two ounces of butter to a cream, and gradually, one cup of powdered sugar, then add one smashed strawberry, beat it well, add another, and so continue until the sauce is a beautiful pink. If the strawberries seem to give the sauce a curdled appearance, add just a little more sugar; stand on ice to harden.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Mince fine cold potatoes, put in a biscuit pan, sprinkle with bread crumbs, salt and pepper and bits of butter and bake.

Banana and Lemon Jelly Cream.—One-half box gelatine, one cup cold water, one pint boiling water, one cup sugar, three-fourths cup of lemon juice, one square inch stick cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Shave the lemon rind, using none of the white. Steep it with the cinnamon in the boiling water ten minutes; add the soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and when dissolved, strain into shallow dishes. When cold, cut in dice or break it up with a fork, put it in a glass dish in layers with sliced bananas. Pour a cold boiled custard over them, and cover with a meringue. Brown the meringue on a plate, and slip it off over the custard.

Meat Croquettes.—Put three ounces of butter in a sauce pan, mince and fry one large onion in it, add two large cupfuls of cold finely chopped veal, a good sized slice of bread soaked in warm water and squeezed dry, a little chopped parsley, half of grated nutmeg, with salt and pepper to taste; when thoroughly heated, take from the fire and add four tablespoonfuls sweet cream, and one well-beaten; mix altogether and set away to cool; when cold make in little flat cakes; dip them in the beaten egg and fry in boiling fat.

Marrow Pudding.—Butter a mould and line it with three slices of buttered toast; lay on these the marrow, mixed with two ounces of well-pounded sweet almonds and an ounce of fine-cut citron; fill up with a custard composition, and bake for nearly an hour. Sprinkle with fine sugar, and serve. Another way is to mix the marrow (seven ounces) with the crumbs of four French rolls and four well-whisked eggs, sweeten to taste, and boil in a buttered mould for about two hours.

Drinking Milk.—Few people know there is a good and a bad way of drinking milk. The bad way is that which they generally follow, viz.: To swallow a large quantity at once. When milk goes into the stomach it is instantly curdled, and if it is curdled into one big mass the juices of the stomach can work on only the outside of it. This is the reason that many people who like milk, and to whom it should be of the utmost benefit, cannot drink it. They say it gives them indigestion, and they are right. Let them give it another chance. But this time they must sip it slowly, not taking more than a teaspoonful at one sip, and taking at least four minutes to finish the glassful. Each little sip thus becomes curdled up by itself when passed into the stomach, and the digestive juices percolate freely around it and it speedily becomes assimilated. One of the best restoratives known after great or excessive fatigue, and one infinitely preferable to any form of alcohol, is a glass of hot milk. The heat seems to lighten it and to deprive it of much of the sweetness which is so cloying to some tastes.

A CAREFUL and patient French observer has formulated some conclusions on the subject of vocal laughter which are interesting. He has ascertained that the persons who laugh with the sound of A in father, are frank and loyal, fond of noise and movement, and frequently of versatile and changeable character. Those who laugh with the sound of A in ape, are phlegmatic, with a turn towards melancholia. The laugh in E is that of children, and of adults who are simple, pliant, timid and irresolute. The laugh in O signifies generosity and robust boldness. "Look out," says the French observer, "for those who laugh in U,—because they are misanthropes."